

From The National Review.

EARLY ENGLISH EXPLORERS.

The Observations of Sir Richard Hawkins, Knt., in his Voyage into the South Sea in 1593. Reprinted from the Edition of 1622, and edited by Capt. C. R. Drinkwater Bethune, R.N., C.B.

Select Letters of Columbus; with Original Documents relating to the Discovery of the New World. Translated and edited by R. H. Major, Esq., of the British Museum.

The Discoverie of the Empire of Guiana by Sir Walter Raleigh, Knt. Edited, with copious Explanatory Notes, and a Biographical Memoir, by Sir Robert H. Schomburgk, Phil. D., &c.

Sir Frances Drake his Voyage, 1595, by Thomas Maynarde; together with the Spanish Account of Drake's Attack on Puerto Rico. Edited, from the original MS., by W. D. Cooley, Esq.

Narratives of Early Voyages undertaken for the Discovery of a Passage to Cathaia and India, by the North-west; with Selections from the Records of the Worshipful Fellowship of the Merchants of London, trading into the East Indies; and from MSS. in the Library of the British Museum. Now first published, by Thomas Rundall, Esq.

The Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britania, expressing the Cosmographie and Commodities of the Country; together with the Manners and Customs of the people, gathered and observed as well as by those who first went thither as collected by William Strachey, Gent., the First Secretary of the Colony. Now first edited, from the original Manuscript in the British Museum, by R. H. Major, Esq., of the British Museum.

Divers Voyages touching the Discovery of America and the Isles adjacent. Collected and published by Richard Hakluyt, Prebendary of Bristol, in the year 1582. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by John Winter Jones, Esq., of the British Museum.

A Collection of Documents on Japan; with a Commentary. By Thos. Rundall, Esq.

The Discovery and Conquest of Florida, by Don Ferdinando de Soto. Translated out of Portuguese by Richard Hakluyt; and edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by W. B. Rye, Esq., of the British Museum.

Notes upon Russia: being a translation from the earliest account of that country, entitled Rerum Moscoviticarum Commentarii, of the Baron Sigismund von Herberstein, Ambassador from the Court of Germany to the Grand Prince Vasiley Ivanovich, in the years 1517 and 1526. Translated and edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by R. H. Major, Esq., of the British Museum. 2 vols.

The Geography of Hudson's Bay. Being the Remarks of Captain W. Coats, in many Voyages to that Locality, between the years 1727 and 1751. With an Appendix, containing extracts from the Log of Captain Middleton on his Voyage for the Discovery of the North-west Passage, in H.M.S. "Furnace," in 1741-2. Edited by John Barrow, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.

Three Voyages by the North-east, towards Cathay and China, undertaken by the Dutch in the years 1594, 1595, and 1596, with their discovery of Spitzbergen, their Residence of ten months in Novaya Zemlya, and their safe return in two open boats. By Gerrit de Veer. Edited by Charles T. Beke, Esq., Ph. D., F.S.A.

The History of the great and mighty Kingdom of China, and the situation thereof. Compiled by the Padre Juan Gonzalez de Mendoza; and now reprinted from the early translation of R. Parke. Edited by Sir George T. Staunton, Bart. With an Introduction by R. H. Major, Esq. 2 vols.

The World encompassed by Sir Francis Drake: being his next Voyage to that to Nombre de Dios. Collated with an unpublished Manuscript of Francis Fletcher, Chaplain to the Expedition. With Appendices illustrative of the Voyage, and Introduction, by W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., M.A.

The History of the two Tartar Conquerors of China, including the two Journeys into Tartary of Father Ferdinand Verbiest; from the French of Père Pierre Joseph d'Orleans. To which is added, Father Pereira's Journey into Tartary; from the Dutch of Nicolaas Witsen. Translated and edited by the Earl of Ellesmere. With an Introduction by R. H. Major, Esq.

A Collection of Documents on Spitzbergen and Greenland. Edited by Adam White, Esq., of the British Museum.

HERE is a list of books the very titles of which are the earnest of a singular feast to those who can appreciate the delight of escaping for awhile from the atmosphere of modern fine writing into a region of simple facts simply narrated. Of all the publishing societies, the Hakluyt has performed and is still performing the most deservedly popular service. This society has had the peculiar good fortune of catering for an interest which is at once general, scientific, and antiquarian. Its publications find an appropriate place on the schoolboy's bookshelf beside Gulliver and Crusoe; in the catalogue of the circulating library beside the modern novel of the most "startling interest;" and in the study of the historian or the geographer. Any one of the sixteen books we have undertaken to notice would afford "cream" enough for a highly amusing review article. As it is, we find ourselves suffering under an *embarras de richesses*. Our space will scarcely suffice for a *catalogue raisonné* of these works and their contents; and we are in some dread of being compelled to write a dry notice by the mere abundance of interest in our materials. One of the greatest charms of the simple narratives of these "old travellers" is a certain spaciousness and leisurely air about their way of saying things. Without the least pretension to literary art, theirs is in reality the "grand style" of narrative. Their "important facts" stand simply and strikingly in a pleasant wilderness of naïve platitude and commonplace; and Stonehenge, should it ever be brought to London by rail and set up as the central decoration of Trafalgar Square, would not differ more from Stonehenge in the centre of breezy Sarum Plain than these principal facts, condensed in a review article, must differ from the same in their original context. We cannot, however, pretend even to cull the principal facts from a mass like this, where so much is principal. Warning our readers against the injustice of mistaking single bricks for models, or hasty glances for epitomes, we proceed to speak of the Hakluyt Society's publications in order of their issue, reserving our space chiefly for the later volumes, with which the non-subscribing public have had fewer opportunities of making themselves acquainted by means of the Reviews.

The first work of the series is one of the least interesting. If we expect some remarks of Hawkins, on the naming of ships, with a

history of the christening of the vessel in which he sailed, we can scarcely recommend the work to those who seek mere amusement. It is a curious fact that Sir Richard was in the habit of distilling pure water from the sea, — a process which most persons, we believe, imagine to be of quite modern invention. "The water" so distilled was wholesome and nourishing," we are told. Wholesome it might have been; but the fact of its having been nourishing must rank in credibility with some others which rest on the same authority, — as, for example, the power of the moon's rays to produce "a furious burning pain, enough to drive one mad;" and the liability of water, under certain circumstances, to spontaneous combustion.

The *Select Letters of Columbus* are full of interest and value. Before the publication of this volume by the Hakluyt Society, only one of these letters had been translated, and that many years ago in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. No biography of Columbus or history of his discoveries has any thing approaching to the interest of these elaborately written accounts addressed by Columbus to his king and queen, or to persons about them. Perhaps the deepest impression left by the perusal of these letters — after the first overwhelming indignation at the ingratitude with which his services were requited — is admiration for his single-heartedness and the high motives by which he was actuated in his work. The conversion of the Indians and the extension of the realms of knowledge seem to have inspired him to the exclusion of all consideration of personal advantages either of fame or wealth; and his own nobility throws into deep contrast the grovelling spirits of those by whom he was surrounded. His companions and employers seem to have seen nothing in his great discoveries beyond the prospect of increased wealth and extended dominion. From scores of passages of equal interest we take the following characteristic trait of this great and noble mind:

"They" (the natives of Hispaniola, or San Domingo,) "exhibit great love towards all others in preference to themselves; they also give objects of great value for trifles, and content themselves with very little or nothing in return. I, however, forbid that these trifles and articles of no value, such as pieces of dishes, plates, and glass keys, and leather straps, should be given to them, al-

though, if they could obtain them, they imagined themselves to be possessed of the most beautiful trinkets in the world. It even happened that a sailor received for a leather strap as much gold as was worth three golden nobles; and for things of mere trifling value offered by our men, especially newly-coined blancas, or any gold coins, the Indians would give whatever the seller required. . . . Thus they bartered, like idiots, cotton and gold for fragments of bows, glasses, bottles, and jars, which I forbade as being unjust; and myself gave them many beautiful and acceptable articles which I had brought with me, taking nothing for them in return. I did this in order that I might the more easily conciliate them, that they might be led to become Christians."

The Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana by Sir Walter Raleigh is a work full of amusing matter, and sprinkled plentifully with travellers' wonders. We have accounts of Amazons; of men whose eyes were in their shoulders, whose mouths were in their breasts, and whose hair grew from their backs; of a race who "do use to beat the bones of their lords into powder, and their wives and friends to drinke it all in their several sorts of drinks;" of poisoned arrows fatal to Europeans, but harmless to natives, &c. The editor of Raleigh's work, Sir Robert H. Schomburgh, has accompanied it with materials of his own, which render the entire volume an excellent and most entertaining biography. Raleigh was a fine writer as well as a fine gentleman and a great adventurer; and this volume abounds in passages of elegant style and vivid description, as, for example:

"That Cassique that was a stranger had his wife staying at the port where we anchored; and in all my life, I have seldom seen a better favored woman. She was of good stature, with blacke eies, fat of body, of an excellent countenance, hir haire almost as long as hirselfe, tied up againe in pretie knots; and it seemed she stood not in that aw of hir husband as the rest, for she spake and discourst, and dranke among the gentlemen and captaines, and was very pleasant, knowing hir owne comelines and taking great pride therein."

Sir Francis Drake his Voyage is a short memorial of Sir Francis by his friend Thomas Maynard. It does not raise our idea of the personal character of the naval hero, who seems fully to have participated in the thirst for gold so prevalent in and about his age.

It is often painful, in going through this collection of travels and voyages of discovery, to find how little interest was created in the minds of those engaged in them by the natural and social wonders, so new and so many, upon which they came, compared with that which was awakened by the hope of wealth. Columbus is almost the only person who appears to have been quite free from this disease, though even he—evidently to satisfy his royal employers, who were as sordid as the meanest of their subjects—devotes much time to this subject of gold-finding.

The *Narratives of Voyages towards the North-west, in search of a passage to Cathay and India*, include short notices of many well-known travellers and discoverers in Polar regions. This volume, like several others of the Hakluyt series, is unnecessarily deformed by the ancient orthography. Where the sound was evidently the same, we see no object in preserving the old spelling, which, in this particular case, is so different from the modern mode, as to constitute a serious obstacle to the enjoyment of the narratives to persons unaccustomed to the perusal of early English writings in their original dress. In the present instance this obstacle is the more injurious, inasmuch as the volume is one of very general interest. The most valuable narrative of the collection is that of Captain James, who, like most of his fellow-laborers in Arctic discovery, relates terrific sufferings with an almost amusing absence of self-consciousness. These "marine worthies beyond all names of worthinesse" seem to have regarded all that they saw, and all that befel them, alike as natural phenomena, only worth mentioning in so far as they threw light on the nature of new lands, or tended to unravel the riddle they were attempting to solve. If a freezing saucepan seemed a more apt illustration of the temperature of the climate than a shrivelled body, the former was noted down with due care, and the latter left to oblivion as a slight accident, and not to the point. Nor are the examples described in the Hakluyt works, of a more active manhood and hardness of virtue developed by the dangers and sufferings of Arctic exploration, few. Some Englishmen, whose adventures on the coast of Greenland form part of a later volume, though in danger of perishing from want of fuel, would only appropriate such timber from buildings and old vessels belong-

ing to the company by which they had been sent out, "as might well be spared without damnifying of the voyage of next yeare," which year they seemed to have extremely little chance of surviving to see. "We got together," says their spokesman, "all the firing that we possibly could make, except we would make spoyle of the shallops and coolers that were there which might easily have overthrown the next yeare's voyage, to the great hindrance of the worshipfull company, whose servants we being, were every way careful of their profite." And so these poor creatures condemned themselves to the scantiest fires and badly cooked food for eight months of a winter, the prospective horrors of which caused them to stand "*with eyes of pitie beholding one another.*" The *Voyage of Master Henry Hudson* has a tragical ending, by no means unique as regards the catastrophe of death by cold and starvation, but happily so in the means by which such sufferings were brought about. Hudson had met with an unmitigated scoundrel named Henry Greene, and from some kind impulse, after rescuing him from destruction, had taken him to his own house, and allowed him to join the crew of the *Northern Voyage*. This man got up and headed a mutiny, and, with some difficulty, prevailed upon the mutineers to rid themselves of the captain, his son, and such of the mates as were rendered useless by sickness, by casting them adrift in the icy seas in a small shallop, thus condemning them to a lingering but certain death. In the presence of so notable disgrace to humanity, it is startling to find such a contrast as that of John King, the ship's carpenter, whose conduct was as noble as Greene's was demoniacal. When all the condemned party were in the shallop, this man, who was "hale and hearty," declared his determination to share their fate rather than even passively countenance the brutality of the mutineers by remaining in their company. His companions, who had been able unmoved to consign the condemned party to their horrible fate, were touched by King's courage, and begged him to have pity on himself; but his resolution was not to be shaken, and he descended to his place in the shallop, which was then sent adrift, and was never heard of more. The ringleaders of this mutiny soon met with retribution at the hands of a party of sav-

ages, by whom they were surprised and massacred.

The *Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia* is one of the most entertaining volumes of the series. It was printed by the Hakluyt Society from a manuscript which was before almost unknown. The editor, Mr. Major, has prefaced the history by an excellent account of the disasters which befel the colony planted in Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh, and has thus given to the volume the form of a complete sketch of Virginian history up to the time of the *Mayflower*. William Strachey, the writer of this "*Historie*," gives a long and amusing description of the chief, Powhatan, who is known to others than the subscribers to the Hakluyt Society for little besides his ill-treatment of the English colonists. "He is a goodly old man, not yet shrinking, though well beaten with many cold and stormy winters, in which he hath been patient of many necessities and attempts of his fortune to make his name and his family great. He is supposed to be little lesse than eighty yeares old, I dare not say how much more." This old gentleman maintained a hundred wives, who were summoned from "their severall places" at the chief's pleasure. The Virginians appear to be quite clear from the reproach, that attaches to the North Americans generally, of insensibility to female charms. Their chief happiness consisted in the number of their wives, who were considered to be of far more value than wealth or any other earthly good. Some Virginians, seeking help from the English against enemies who had devastated a town, on being questioned as to what plan they wished to pursue, declared that their only wish was to recover their wives, and they made a free offer of resigning all other spoils to the English. The Virginian wives are described as strictly virtuous, according to the rules of their country, which admitted of the loan of a wife by the husband. The following description of a Virginian woman of distinction, who had been stolen away by one Pipisco, reads like a bit of *Hiawatha* translated into old prose:

" Yet is Pipisco suffered to retain in this his cuntrye a little small kaasun, or village, upon the rivadge of the streame, with some few people about him, keeping the said woman still, whome he makes his best

beloved, and she travells with him upon any remove, in hunting tyme, or in his visitacion of us, by which meanes, twice or thrice in a sommer, she hath come into our towne; nor is she so handsome a savadge woman as I have seene amongst them, yet with a kinde of pride, can take upon her a shewe of greatness; for we have seene her forbear to come out of her quintan or boat through the water, as the other, both mayds and married women usually doe, unles she were carryed forth betwene two of her servants. I was once early at her howse (yt being sommer tyme), when she was layed without dores, under the shadowe of a broad-leaved tree, upon a pallett of osiers, spread over with four or five fyne grey matts, herself covered with a faire white drest deare skyne or two; and when she rose, she had a mayd who fetcht her a frontall of white coral, and pendants of great but imperfect colored and worse drilled pearles, which she put into her eares. . . . and when thus attired, with some variety of feathers and flowers stuck in their haire, they seeme as debonnaire, quaynt, and well-pleased as, I wis, a daughter of the howse of Austria."

The *Divers Voyages touching the Discovery of America*, published by Richard Hakluyt, may be regarded as a sort of supplement to the *Voyages towards the North-west*. They are short accounts of various enterprises undertaken by different persons. Nearly half the volume is occupied by the editor's Introduction, which, as usual, equals the text in interest, and has the advantage of being readable English.

The *Memorials of Japan* are divided into four parts. Mr. Rundall's Preface contains a short and seasonable history of European intercourse with Japan,—a subject clothed with fresh interest by discussions and events now going on. This now most exclusive and mysterious of nations was once open to all the world. Christian missionaries numbered their Japanese converts by millions. In course of time, religious excitement became political rebellion; and after much expostulation and forbearance on the part of the Japanese rulers, Christianity was no longer a tolerated sect, the missionaries were banished, and, as a further measure of security, the empire was closed to the outer world. *The Kingdom of Japonia* follows Mr. Rundall's Preface, and is a short account of Japan written in the reign of Elizabeth. Then comes a curious collection of letters written by an Englishman, William Adams,

who in the early part of the seventeenth century contrived to raise himself to a post of distinction under the Japanese government. Lastly, we have various notes collected by the editor from every available source: the whole making up a tolerably complete epitome of what is known upon the subject of this empire. From the document entitled *The Kingdom of Japonia*, which is an extract from the *Firste Booke of Relations of Modern States*, Harleian MS. 6249, we take the following characteristics of a people in whom we are likely to become more and more interested:

"The inhabitantes shewe a noble witte, and an incredible pacience in sufferinge, labour, and sorrowes. They take great and diligent care lest, either in worde and deede, they should shewe either feare or dulnesse of mynde, and lest they should make any man (whosoever he be) partaker of their trowbles and wantes. They covet exceedinglye honour and prayse; and povertie with them bringeth no damage to the nobilitie of bloudes. They suffer not the least injurie in the worlde to pass unrevenge. For gravitie and courtesie they gyve not place to the Spaniardes. They are generally affable and full of compliments. They are very punctuall in the entertayning of strangers. . . . They will as soone lose a limbe as omit one ceremonie in welcoming a friend. . . . They are far from all avarice. The marchantes, although very riche and wealthie, are yet nothing accompted of there; those that are of nobilitie are greatly esteemed although they be never so poore. . . . Every one may change his name three times: when he is a childe; when he is a young man; and when he is ould. . . . They have the use of writing and printing, and have had the space of many years; no man knowes certainly how long. . . . The lawes are very strict and full of severitie, affordinge no other kinde of punishment but either death or banishment."

The editor's notes, at the conclusion of the volume, are perhaps the most instructive portion of it. In one of them we find a very striking and characteristic story. A Japanese lady of high rank, having been forcibly dishonored by one of her husband's friends during his absence, met her husband on his return with all kindness, but refused to see him alone, until after an appointed time. She assembled her relations and friends, and among them the man who had wronged her; then, leaning on her husband's shoulder and shedding torrents of tears, she

declared her misfortune, and begged to be punished with death for her forced crime. Her husband declared his perfect conviction of her purity. All the guests joined him in endeavoring to convince the injured lady of her own innocence; but in the midst of their arguments, she broke from the caresses of her husband, and rushing to the edge of the terrace on which the party was assembled, flung herself over. The author of her misery left the assembly unnoticed, and was found by the husband and relations weltering in his blood by the side of his victim, having committed the usual Japanese form of suicide by two transverse gashes across the abdomen. — Here is another story, equally bloody, but not such "pure tragedy:" two officers once met on the palace stairs, and accidentally hustled each other. The elder man apologized, but was unable to appease the irritation of his companion, who was resolved that death should follow the offence. Finding himself unable to provoke his opponent to combat, he raised his robes and inflicted upon himself the approved suicidal gashes, knowing that custom would compel his adversary to follow his example; and the irascible young fellow had the satisfaction of beholding with his dying eyes his adversary in the same predicament. Whenever a Japanese noble commits a crime worthy of death, he receives a royal order to inflict it upon himself in the above style. All the offender's friends and relatives are invited to the ceremony.

The Discovery and Conquest of Terra Florida was translated from the Portuguese by Richard Hakluyt, and is now reprinted from the edition of 1611. Its author was a gentleman of Elvas, who accompanied Don Ferdinand de Soto and his six hundred followers, of whose exploits he tells, in all their adventures. Hakluyt seems to have undertaken the translation of this book chiefly with the view of benefiting the unfortunate Virginian colony, being himself one of the patentees under the charter of King James. He hoped, by spreading the fame of the wealth of an adjoining country, to induce fresh adventurers to join those already stationed in those parts. The work was originally called *Virginia richly Valued*; but Hakluyt himself afterwards adopted the more appropriate title it now bears. Mr. Rye prefaces this work with a sketch of preceding travellers to Florida. Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon, described

by Peter Martyr as "a grave man, and of authority," visited the country in 1520, and from him we have the following "yarns." First, concerning the Indians of Duharhe:

"These people have a king of giant-like stature and height, called Datha, and they say that the queen his wife is not much shorter than himself. This lord, being demanded why he alone and his wife should attain to that tallness and height of body says, that it proceedeth from violent art, after this manner. While the infants are in the cradle, and under the breasts of the nurses, the masters of that art are sent for, who annoint the several members of the infant for certayne dayes with medicines of certayne herbs, which mollifie the tender bones, so that the bones being presently converted to the softnesse of lukewarme waxe, they so stretch them out in length oftentimes, that they leave the poor miserable infant halfe dead; and after that they feed the nurse with certaine meates of powerful virtue," &c.

The second story relates to a country called by Ayllon Inzignanin:

"The inhabitants, by report of their ancestors, say that a people as tall as the length of a man's arm, with tayles of a spanne long, sometime arrived there, brought thither by the sea, which tayle was not moveable or wavering, as in fourfooted beastes, but solide, broad above, and sharpe beneath, as we see in fishes and crocodiles, and extended into a bony hardness. Wherefore, when they desired to sit, they used seats with holes through them, or, wanting them, digged up the earth a spanne deep or little more: they must convey their tayle into the hole when they rest them."

Of the three contemporary accounts of Soto's expedition, Mr. Jared Sparks, in his *American Biography*, gives the preference to the "gentleman of Elvas," the author of the work before us. "Yet," says Mr. Sparks, "whoever follows him closely will be likely to run into ten errors in arriving at a single truth, with the additional uncertainty of being able to distinguish the former from the latter. The narrative is, moreover, disfigured with descriptions of atrocious acts of injustice, oppression, and cruelty; in short, if this narrative is worthy of credit, few readers will be inclined to dissent from the remark of Philip Briet, in his *Annales Mundi*, that it is difficult to decide whether cruelty or avarice was the predominant trait in the character of Soto." Mr. Rye, however, de-

fends the "gentleman of Elvas" and the other writers from the prevalent charge against them of extravagant "romancing," and shows that there are too many points of agreement in the three narratives to allow of the suspicion that they are not, in the main, faithful to fact. "The character of De Soto," says Mr. Rye, "as developed in his position of leader of this remarkable expedition, presents us with an amount of hardihood and courageous perseverance under the most fearful trials, unsurpassed perhaps even by Pizarro or Cortes." With this testimony we have to couple that of Bartolome de las Casas, who, in writing of "the acts and gestes of the Spaniards in the West Indies," says, "it loatheth me to recount those actes so cursed, ghastly, and bloodie, not of men, but of savage beastes." The general style of this work is a confirmation of Mr. Rye's good opinion of its veracity. From the stirring incidents and striking local characteristics of this volume we extract the following scraps. This tale of a slave-master in Cuba will not be new to all of our readers, perhaps; but all will like to have it in its original dress:

"A steward of Vasques Porcallo, which was an inhabitour in that island, understanding that his slaves would make away with themselves, staid for them with a cudgill in his hand at the place where they were to meete, and told them that they could neither doe nor thinke anything that hee did not know before; and that he came thither to kill himselfe with them, to the end that, if he had used them badly in this world, he might use them worse in the world to come. And this was a meane that they changed their purpose, and turned home againe to doe that which he commanded them."

At a certain place, called Aymay, "were four Indians taken, and none of them would confess any other thing, but that they knew of none other habitation. The Governor" (Soto) "commanded one of them to be burned; and presently another confessed that two daies journie from thence there was a province called Cutifa-Chiqui," &c.

This province of Cutifa-Chiqui had a queen, who interchanged courtesies with the Spaniards:

"And the ladie, perceiving that the Christians esteemed the perles, advised the governor to sende to search certeine graves that were in that towne, and that hee should

find many; and that if hee would send to the dispeopled townes, he might load all his horses. They sought the graves of that towne, and there found fourteene rooves of perles, and little babies and birds made of them."

The *Notes upon Russia* are less popularly entertaining than most of the series. Mr. Major's Preface, which is the most readable part of the book, contains a life of the author, the Baron Sigismund von Herberstein, who was ambassador from the German court to the grand Prince Vasiley Ivanovich, the contemporary of our Henry VIII. Herberstein's notes give a full account of the religious, political, and social condition of the Russians at that time, together with such topographical information as it was in his power to acquire; but his style is not graphic, and his work is chiefly interesting to the historical antiquary.

The *Geography of Hudson's Bay* was written by Captain Coats, who made several voyages to that locality between the years 1727 and 1751. It is now published for the first time, by the permission of Sir Edward Parry, the possessor of the original manuscript, and is edited by John Barrow, Esq. Beyond what we learn from the diary of Captain Coats very little is known of him. He tells us that he was thrice shipwrecked on the ice, and proves by his hydrographical notes that he was an expert navigator. "These," he says, "are so adjusted, and with such care," that he "willingly submits them to the test of time." And indeed it is found that they are accurate to a degree quite surprising, when it is remembered at what time and with what appliances they were written. In publishing this manuscript the Society carried out the expressed wish of the author; for though the "notes" were made chiefly for the use of his own sons, he also states that he has "committed them to writing least they be buried with him, and posterity be deprived of what may one day be thought of some use." The "notes" are by no means so dry to the unscientific reader as their title seems to promise. Captain Coats had a good eye for land-scenery as well as hydrographical phenomena, and seems to have taken fully as much pleasure in observing the natives of the shores he visited as in attending to the more immediate object of his voyage. There is little real technicality

about his work. His remarks on many things are made pleasant by the obvious goodness of his heart. His graphic description of the "Usquemows," and his enthusiastic admiration of their moral qualities, though he allows that occasionally they *did* eat their enemies, are amusing.

"I have often," he says, "thought this people are of the lineage of the Chinese, in the many features I think I see in them; their bloated, flatt faces, little eyes, black hair, little hands and feet, their listlessness to travailing, very fair when free from grease, very submissive to their men, very tender of their children, and indefatigable in the gawgaws to please their men and children. I have had some of those toys from the children brought to me by father and mother, to learn them to look at us without trembling. These toys are little pieces of ivory, made in form of all their fishes, all their fowls, all their beasts, all their men, women, and children; nay, some to imitate our ships, our boats, and our men. In short, nothing escapes their notice. . . . It has been said that these are Anthropophagions. I answer, it is no otherwise than as all the Indians in America do, to sacrifice their enemies to their god; and then, indeed, they do partake of human flesh. But to say it is a delicate, and that they do it at any time they can get it, and that it is a favorite dish, I believe 't is quite otherwise; for my own part, I see nothing in them to countenance such a hellish principle, and do think them as gentle and sociable, and more so, and more unanimous than we can pretend to. That they are idolaters I am perswaded; for I have had a bone deity, which they seldom are without in their canoes. The rising sun summons all on their knees, when you hear such a contrast of vocal musick as comes from the lowest recesses of the mind, with such energy and noble contempt, as lift these people, in idea, above the common level of all mankind; and I dare say they think themselves the favorite people of God, and look on us with more compassion and contempt than we do them. For to what reason can we ascribe that great confidence in them, when they singly and alone have put themselves in my hands, but a nobleness of mind, above the low conceits of mean earthly creatures?"

In matters of decorum and natural breeding Coats declares that his favorites, the Esquimaux, excelled his own countrymen; and, in proof, relates how his own people, rendered over-free by the kind familiarity of the natives, peeped into the abodes of the

women, who were unprepared for such an intrusion. The women and children thereupon hid themselves quietly; but the men, proving that their usual gentleness was not stupidity or effeminacy, pointed their arrows to revenge the insult. They were not hasty, however, in letting them fly; and when the captain called off his men, and showed signs of regret, the arrows were put aside, and a perfect reconciliation at once effected. "How mean and contemptible," exclaims the enthusiastic Coats, "must we appear in the eyes of this people!"

In the same volume with the "notes" of Captain Coats, the Hakluyt Society have published *Extracts from the Log of Capt. Christopher Middleton, on his Voyage for the Discovery of the North-west Passage through Hudson's Straits*, and other memoranda of the same expedition; but these do not contain any additions to our ordinary knowledge of the arctic regions.

The *True Description of three Voyages by the North-east towards Cathay and China* is a volume abundant in interest. It contains an account of the exploits of Barentz, who, in the fifteenth century, circumnavigated Spitzbergen, and made further way north-east than any navigator who preceded or succeeded him. The re-publication of this "Description," with the elucidatory comments of the editor, will redeem from long neglect one of the greatest heroes of arctic travel. Barrow, Scoresby, Beechey, and other writers on the subject of arctic discovery, have never examined this account of Barentz's voyage closely enough to arrive at the important conclusion of the editor, that Spitzbergen was circumnavigated by this Dutchman and his companions. "The first discovery of this country by our Dutch navigators," says Dr. Beke, "is now universally admitted, though formerly the idea was entertained that they had been anticipated by Sir Hugh Willoughby. But that Spitzbergen was actually circumnavigated by them is a fact which, as far as we are aware, has never been adverted to by any writer on arctic discovery. The details of this portion of Barentz and Rijp's voyage are neither full nor precise enough to enable us to follow them minutely in their course; added to which, the maps of Spitzbergen, especially of its eastern side, are still not sufficiently trustworthy to render us much assistance in laying down their track. There

can, however, be no doubt that they sailed up its eastern shores, passed along its northern extremity, and returned by the western coast." This important conclusion is illustrated in a long and laborious introduction. The narrative of the ten months' wintering of Barentz and his companions in Nova Zembla is one of great interest. Perhaps none of those who have weathered the polar cold have suffered more than this heroic band, who bore all with perfect patience and cheerfulness, and submitted themselves during the whole time with the greatest willingness to their commander's discipline. After an imprisonment of eight months, when the weather seemed to favor the idea of sailing, the crew "agreed among themselves to speak unto the skipper, and to tell him it was now more than time to see about getting from thence;" but it was with great reluctance and diffidence that they put into execution even this modest resolution, and they were easily prevailed upon by their leader to postpone their return, which, wonderful to relate, was subsequently undertaken in two small open boats, under auspices thus described by Barentz himself in a paper written before setting out:

"There are three or foure of us that are not able to stirre or doe any thinge; and the best and strongest of us are so weake with the great cold and diseases that we have so long endured, that we have but half a man's strength; and it is to be feared that it will rather be worse than better in regard of the long voyage that we have in hand, and our breade will not last us longer than to the end of the month of August; and it may easily fall out that the voyage being contrary and crosse unto us, that before that time we shall not be able to get to any land."

The little party set forth from Nova Zembla on the 14th of June. On the 17th, "in the morning, when we had broken our fastes, the ice came so fast upon us, that it made our haire stare upright upon our heads, it was so feareful to behold." Their boats on this occasion were nearly crushed by the ice, upon which they were compelled to land, and "forced to drive all the nailes faste againe, and to peece many things;" their sick men lying meanwhile on the best beds they could make in the open polar air. This last fact however, we only ascertain by means of one of the fac similes of the curious original engravings, the circumstance of mere

suffering not being regarded by the narrator, Gerrit de Veer, as worth writing of.

"The 20 of June it was indifferent weather, the wind west; and when the sunne was south-east Claes Adrianson began to be extreme sicke, whereby we perceived that he would not live long, and the boateson came in to our scute, and told us in what case he was: whereupon William Barents spake and said, I thinke I shal not live long after him; and yet we did not judge William Barents to be so sicke, for we sat talking one with the other, and spake of many things; and William Barents read in my card which I had made touching our voiage, and we had some discussion about it; at last he laid away the card, and spake unto me saying, Gerrit, give me some drinke; and he had no sooner drunke but he was taken with so sodain a qualme, that he turned his eies in his head and died presently, and we had no time to call the maister out of the other scute to speake unto him; and so he died before Claes Adrianson, who died shortly after him. The death of William Barents put us in no small discomfort, as being the chiefe guide and onley pilot to whom we reposed ourselves next under God."

Are we not right in calling such writing as this the "grand style" of narrative?

Their leader gone, Gerrit and his companions prosecuted their astonishing retreat from the polar regions, and on the 2d of September they reached Cola, in Russian Lapland; "So that we sailed in two open scutes, sometimes in the ice, then over the ice, and through the sea 381 miles" (Flemish, i. e. 1524 miles English).

The practical and unpretentious piety which seems to have governed the conduct of these and other of the old polar voyagers is very remarkable, and strongly contrasts with the general spirit of the contemporary gold-seekers whom we have had occasion to mention. In a subsequent volume relating to Greenland, we read of a party who had but a few days before them for hunting and laying in the stock of food on which was to depend their existence during the ensuing winter; yet when Sunday came, they rested from their labors, "taking the best course they could for the service of God Almighty, although they had not so much as a book with them."

The History of the great and mighty Kingdom of China and the situation thereof, compiled by Padre Juan Gonzalez de Mendoza,

is a reprint of the early translation of R. Parke, who undertook it at the express wish of Hakluyt. This work is the first detailed account of China that has appeared in our language. In Mr. Major's interesting Introduction to this republication, we are told that the first intelligence concerning the Chinese which reached Europe was derived from a twelfth-century manuscript, containing the observations of two Arabian merchants, who appear to have visited China in the middle of the ninth century. They describe China as being smaller than the Indies, but far more populous, and, speak much of its fertility. Tea seems to have been as popular then as now, and is described, not only as the common Chinese drink, but as a specific for the cure of all diseases—a notion which prevailed, as we know on its comparatively recent introduction into Europe. There appears to have been little in the accounts of these Arabs of a thousand years ago, which would not exactly apply to the Chinese of the present day. Among the facts and characteristics related by travellers before Mendoza, and repeated in this Introduction by Mr. Major, are a few which may be novel and amusing to some of our readers. It is related by one, that ladies of royal blood were interred in a particular spot,—a grassy mountain, on the sides of which all their horses were turned out to wander at liberty for the remainder of their lives. The maids of honor were allowed the same privilege, with the difference that they were provisioned for five years only, after which they were allowed to starve on the grave of their mistress. It is mentioned by Marco Polo, and even by travellers before him, that the Chinese had a paper-currency. A mode of punishing pirates was to make them stand in a leech-pond. As an example of the highly populated condition of China, one writer remarks that "out of a tree you shall see many tymes swarme a number of children, where a man would not have thought to have found any one at all." The same writer notes the practice of town-drainage, a modern innovation with Europeans, and states that "frogges are solde at the same price that is made of hennes, and are good meate amongst them, as also dogges, cattes, rattes, snakes, and all other unclean meates;" and asserts that "if you aske them what they do thynke of the soules departed, they will

answere that they be immortals, and that as soone as any one departeth out of this life, he becometh a devyle, if he have lived well in this worlde; If otherwyse, that the devyle changeth him into a buffe, oxe, or dogge; wherefore to this devyle do they much honour, praying him that he wyll make them lyke unto hymselfe, and not like other beastes." Matteo Ricci, who had access to Peking early in the seventeenth century, speaks thus of their inaptitude for war:

"They have no more spirit than women, and are ready to kisse the feet of any one who shows his teeth at them. They spend two hours every morning in combing and plaiting their hair. Running away is no hishonor to them; they do not know what an insult is; if they quarrel they abuse one another like women, seize each other by the hair, and when they are weary of scuffling become friends again as before, without wounds or bloodshed. In short, they are only formidable for their numbers. The walls of the towne are, at most, but fit to protect them from robbers. . . . The soldiers are a disgraceful set. The other day they had a quarrel with some Chinese, who were carrying provisions to market, and beat them; the latter went to complain to the governor of Macao, who caused forty soldiers to be arrested and beaten with bamboos. They came out afterwards crying like children. . . . What can the soldiers be in a country where their position is looked upon as dishonorable, and occupied by slaves?"

Juan Gonzalez de Mendoza was one of a party of priests who, towards the close of the sixteenth century, conceived the wish to carry on the work, already commenced by others, of evangelizing China. Through various misadventures they were entirely balked in their object; and Mendoza, who had devoted much thought and study to the people in whose service he had hoped to spend his life, turned his labors to good account by collecting into one volume all the interesting matter to be found in the writings of those who had preceded him as missionaries. His book, written in Spanish, was published at Rome in 1585; and Parke's translation, now reprinted, bears the date of 1589. Mendoza's work concerning the unchangeable empire has, of course, the advantage of containing little that is not equally true of the present time,—if it was true then, which may sometimes be questionable. Among the "manners and customs" noted

by Mendoza, our readers will not fail to admire the poetical equity of the following matrimonial arrangements. "All men and women" who wished to form the tender alliance are described as meeting annually at an appointed place before "twelve ancient and principal men" nominated by the sovereign. Notes were made of the names, rank, wealth, and appearance of the applicants; and when the number of one sex exceeded that of the other, the superfluous persons were cast out by lot, to stand over till the next year, their names being retained in a register, that they might then be first served. Then certain of the ancient men divided the male candidates into three classes, — the wealthy, the tolerably well-to-do, and the poor. The ladies were similarly divided into the "most fairest," the "not so faire," and the "fowlest." The "most fairest" were then allotted to the rich men, who had to pay a good round sum for their advantage, the price being fixed according to the discretion of the ancient men. The "not so faire" were given gratis to the men of middling means; and the poor men were compensated for their allotment of the "fowlest" damsels, by receiving, for doweries with them, the sums paid by the rich bridegrooms for their beauties. Mendoza tells us that this excellent custom was not practiced by the higher classes, "the lords and gentlemen marrying every one as he liked." To the following account Mendoza says, "let every one give credite as liketh him best;" for, says he, it "is very doubtfull to be beleaved, althought I have bin certified by religious men, that have talked with persons that within these two yeares have seene the said women."

"Not farre from these ilands of Japan, they have discovered of late certaine ilands which are called of the Amazonas, for that they are all inhabited by women, whose ordinary weapons are bowes and arrowes, and are very expert in the same. They have their right breaste drie, the better to exercise their bow. Unto these ilands, in certaine monethes every yeare, goeth certaine shippes from Japonas with merchandise, and they bring from thence such as they have there; in the which time the men do deale with the Amazonas as with their own proper wives, and for to avoide dangers that might happen amongst themselves, they deule in this order following. After that their shippes are aryved, there goeth on shoare two messengers for to

give advice unto the queene of their arrivall, and of the number of men that are in their shippes, who dooth appoint a day when they shall all come on shoare; the which day she dooth carrie to the waters side the like number of women as they be of men, but the saide women doo first come thither before the men doo disembarke themselves, and every one of them dooth carry in their hande a paire of shooes, or a paire of slippers, and on them their own severall marke, and doo leave them on the sands at the waters side, without any consort or order, and presently departe from thence. Then the men come on shoare, and every one taketh the first paire of shooes that he cometh unto, and put them on; then presently the women come forth, and every one of them carryeth with her him who hath fallen unto her by lot, to put on her shooes, and maketh him her guest, without any other particularitie, although it chanceth unto the most vilest of them all to meet with the queenes shooes, or otherwise to the contrarie. So when the monethes are expired set downe by the queene, in the which are permitted the men aforesaide, they doo depart, every one leaving with his hostis his name, and the towne where hee dwelleth, for that if it so fall out that they bee with childe, and bee delivered of a sonne, that hee may bee carried the yeare following unto his father, daughters doo remain with them."

Towards the close of his work, which is of a very miscellaneous description, Mendoza speaks hopefully of the great subject he had at heart, and relates how miracles had already been performed for the conversion of the Chinese. A native who went to Portugal returned a Christian, and decorated his house with a cross, before which he often bowed in the presence of his countrymen. The Chinese, seeing only matter for mirth in his movements before the, to them, unintelligible symbol, determined to pull down and burn it; but no sooner was the notion conceived than the disbelievers fell down dead, and within a few days "all the linage of those dead persons did follow in the same way, and not one escaped." The result of this notable miracle is somewhat of an anticlimax. "This miracle being spread throughout all the kingdom, the naturals thereof did set up many crosses in all parts." We wish that Mr. Major, whose geographical learning is well known to be most extensive, had rendered the readers of Mendoza's China the great service of giving, whenever possible, the modern names of the places mentioned by his author. Although the archæology of

geography is the professed and main sphere of the Hakluyt Society, its list of members indicates a degree of popularity extending considerably beyond the limits of the antiquarian world, and we think that a few more concessions to the requirements of the merely general reader, such as that we have just suggested, and a modern orthography, by increasing the popularity of the Society's issues, and consequently its pecuniary means, would also increase its power of furthering its scientific objects.

The World encompassed by Sir Francis Drake is a reprint of an extremely rare quarto published in 1628 by the nephew of the admiral, chiefly from the notes of Francis Fletcher, chaplain on board Drake's ship. The editor, Mr. Vaux, of the British Museum, accompanies this reprint with a publication of the original notes by Fletcher, and other documents, throwing important light upon the mysterious trial and execution of Thomas Doughty, an affair by which the character of Sir Francis would seem to be much more deeply impeached than appears from the narrative of his nephew, whose account of this matter by no means agrees with the accounts of others who had better opportunities of knowledge. Our space forbids more than mere reference to these highly interesting documents, and the discerning remarks of the editor upon them. The general features of the voyage itself are also too well known for abstract here. We are much indebted to Mr. Vaux for giving us Francis Fletcher's original notes, which are full of lively description, and abound in curious local details omitted in the transcript of them by Drake's relative, who seems more intent on making his narrative favorable to Sir Francis than on anything else. Among other sights witnessed by Fletcher, he describes "a faire and large iland," where,

"Such was the infinite store of eggs and birds that there was no footing upon the ground but to tread upon one or the other, or both, at every step; yea, the birds was so thick, and would not remove, that they were enforced with cudgells and swords to kill them, to make our way to goe, and, the night drawing on, the fowls increased more and more, so that there was no place for them to rest in; nay, every third bird could not find anny roome, in so much that they sought to settle themselves upon our heads and shoulders, armes, and all parts of our

body they could, in most strange manner, without any feare; yea, they were so speedy to place themselves upon us, that one of us was glad to helpe another; and when no beating with poles, cudgells, swords, and daggers would keepe them off from our bodies, wee were driven with our hands to pull them away one from another, till with pulling and killing wee fainted, and could not prevaill, but were more and more overcharged with feathered enemies, whose cries were terrible, and their poder and shott poisoned us even unto death, if sooner wee had not retired, and given them the field for the tyme."

The next work on our list, the *History of the two Tartar Conquerors of China*, is a translation from the French of Father Pierre Joseph d'Orleans, a Jesuite, by the Earl of Ellesmere, one of the vice-presidents of the Hakluyt Society. This volume is the most readable of the whole series, chiefly because it is a comparatively modern work, and can scarcely be said to belong to the "archæology of geography" at all. It is a lively little historical work of the date of 1688 written with the air of literary facility which conferred a distinctly "modern" character upon French literature nearly a century before the same character was visible in the writings of our own countrymen. But although books written in this manner are the most "readable," it does not follow that they are the most valuable, or even interesting. The presumption is the other way. Smoothness and facility of style are apt to be purchased by the sacrifice of that sincerity and minute accuracy of observation and narration which are the charm of the early literature of all countries; and accordingly the glib and pleasant narrative of Father Pierre is deficient in the "pre-Raphaelite" truthfulness of most of the other Hakluyt issues. It seems to us that the Hakluyt Society have somewhat deviated from the pursuit of their peculiar objects in the publication of this work. Where are they to set limits to their labors, if it be not considerably within the line indicated by this work? Apart, however, from this question, the work itself is a valuable one, and its republication, at a time when Christianity, or at least that which bears the name, has assumed a portentous interest in relation to the social and political condition of China, cannot be denied to be very seasonable, containing, as it does, the fullest accounts of the

Christian mission at its most critical point, namely, the relations of the celebrated Adam Schall to the court of Peking. Adam Schall, whose mission succeeded that of Matteo Ricci, arrived in China in 1622. His talent and learning, especially in the science of mathematics, made him a person of importance, and a great favorite of the Chinese court. During the troubles which ended in the subversion of the Ming dynasty, and the establishment of the new race upon the throne, Schall maintained his position and influence. In 1634 he was charged, in conjunction with Giacomo Rho, with the task of revising the imperial calendar, in which he was engaged during three successive reigns. Under the Emperor Chunchi, Schall was enabled to raise the Christian mission into that degree of court-favor with which it was regarded before the Emperor Vanlié had been prevailed upon to withdraw his countenance from the mission commenced by Matteo Ricci. Chunchi placed Schall at the head of the body of astronomers; and during the whole of his reign the Jesuits prospered in China. Churches were built, converts made, fresh missionaries invited, among whom was the German Jesuit Ferdinand Verbiest, who was officially associated, in virtue of his mathematical qualifications, with Schall. The relations of the Jesuit and the emperor were those of an entire personal intimacy, owing, we infer, to the extreme skill with which the former "managed" the latter, and abstained from allowing his religious mission to seem to take precedence of his official character as "astronomer royal." "The father," says the author of the present work, which is a compilation from the original Jesuit Letters, "never found it necessary to consult Chunchi's whims, or humor his fancies." The emperor, we are informed, took everything from Adam Schall in good part, and "listened patiently to the frequent and severe rebukes which this faithful servant administered to him." "Even if he did not invariably reform his conduct, he had the candor to confess that he would have done better to follow his advice." We can imagine the secret despair of the Jesuit as to the effectual conversion of such a penitent! A dialogue, highly characteristic, both of the Jesuit and his imperial master, is given literally from the original memoirs of Schall, and an abstract of it may be interesting to our readers, as showing the

style in which Christianity was preached and received at this critical juncture of the "religious history" of China. After years of familiar intercourse between the emperor and the Jesuit:

"I have heard it said," began the prince, 'that certain conjunctions of the stars portended certain events. If this be true, as the course of the stars is regulated, our destinies must be ruled also, and it is useless to take measures to avert that which is inevitable.'

"Father Adam, who occasionally took advantage of the emperor's curiosity in observing the stars to teach him the fear of Him who reigns supreme over them, replied, 'Sire, far above all the stars there is One,' &c.

"Can you tell me," replied the emperor, 'who is this God of whom you so often speak to me?'

"He is an invisible God," answered the father, &c.

"Pray mafa," rejoined the emperor, 'tell me the best way to correct my faults.'

"I have often taken the liberty your majesty allows me, to tell you freely my opinion of your conduct. You will have made a great improvement when you have learned to temper justice with mercy, when you have more consideration for those about your person; in a word, when your majesty will have learned to feel the same compassion for the sorrows of your fellow-men, who are by nature your brothers, as you could wish them to feel for you, if you were in their place.'

"When the father had reached this point, the emperor argued that princes, who are accustomed to look down upon all men as their inferiors, are not willing to acknowledge this law of equality; he even confessed that he could not conceive it,—a remark which led the father to explain to him the Decalogue, &c.

"You have convinced me," was the emperor's conclusion."

It did not surprise us, and should not have surprised Father Adam, to find the imperial delectante, soon after this discussion, very seriously engaged in a little intrigue with the wife of one of his subjects, which, for the time being, altogether indisposed him for scientific, literary, and religious conversations; nor need it surprise any one, if the Christian missions left off a couple of hundred years ago somewhat after this fashion, that the recent "revival" in the Celestial Empire should have adopted the very grotesque and anomalous aspect which we hear of its having assumed.

At one time the court was busy with a rumor that deeply affected the character of this "well-disposed" sovereign; and was likely, by its scandalous nature, to alienate from him the affections of his nobles and generals. Those who loved Chunchi felt convinced of its fallacy. No one dared, however, to apply to him who could alone clear away the cloud that obscured for the time his reputation. At last the friends of Chunchi begged the Jesuit father to undertake the perilous duty. He consented, and, having obtained an audience, fell at the feet of the emperor, and presented to him a paper in which the state of matters was described. Chunchi read it through, coloring deeply, and, raising his aged friend and councillor kindly, said that the "whole affair had been very much exaggerated."

This Confucian good sense and moderation bore, in fact, too much external resemblance to Christianity not to be a most serious obstacle to its sincere reception. Chunchi never became a convert to anything more than the morals of Christianity, and only to those, as we have seen in "intellectual assent." At Chunchi's death, Father Adam was appointed tutor to his son and successor Camhi, a boy of eight years of age; but before the advantage of this grand opportunity could be reaped, there arose a persecution of the Christians, which led to the imprisonment or death of all the missionaries, the martyrdom of five mandarins, and a general breaking up of the churches. Under Camhi, however, the Jesuits re-established themselves in favor, and their faith was again allowed to be preached. In the first year of this permission, namely, in 1671, twenty thousand persons were baptized; and "from that time," writes Father Pierre in 1688, "the gospel has spread so widely over China, that the number of Christians is estimated at three hundred thousand."

The toleration of Christianity by Chunchi and Camhi of course thoroughly ingratiated these potentates in the eyes of the Jesuits, and this "history" is also a sustained eulogy "of the two Tartar conquerors of China."

Not the least valuable part of this volume is the appendix, containing a translation of Father Verbiest's letters. Verbiest was a coadjutor of Schall at the Chinese board of mathematics, and his successor in office and court-favor after the Christian persecution

during Camhi's minority had ceased. Verbiest had performed the important and well-appreciated service of further amending the Chinese calendar; the emperor took lessons of him personally in mathematics; and the versatile Jesuit, on being requested by his royal master to superintend the casting of artillery, succeeded so well that he presented to the emperor a park of 320 pieces produced under his superintendence. The greatest of modern Asiatic sovereigns, in order to maintain the energy of character which had secured to the Tartars their conquest, was in the habit of organizing hunting-excursions, having many of the characteristics and much of the discipline of Asiatic warfare. These hunting-excursions beyond the Great Wall have since become almost a Chinese institution; and Sir John Davis notices the recent suspension, upon various excuses, of these exercises as a sign and cause of the degeneracy of the modern Tartars. Verbiest accompanied the emperor on two of these occasions, and he describes them at length in two letters. The journey described in the first letter was to a frontier distant "some thousand one hundred Italian miles, of a thousand paces each," from Pekin. The emperor rode in advance on horseback; the prince, his son and heir, a boy ten years old, followed. "After these came three principal queens, each in a gilded carriage." To these succeeded the grandees of the court, and the chief mandarins of all ranks, who, with their "followers and appurtenances," made up a train of 70,000 men. To this singular hunting-expedition, the dimensions of which render those of the famous "hunting" of "the Percie" insignificant, "it was the emperor's pleasure," writes Verbiest, "that I should be attached; partly that I might, with scientific instruments, observe and note the atmospheric and terrestrial phenomena, the latitudes, the variation of the needle, and occasionally the height of mountains; and also that I might be always at hand to answer his majesty's questions as to the celestial appearances, meteors, and such like." The emperor allotted to the Jesuit's use ten horses from the royal stable.

Verbiest describes the features of the country through which he passed with graphic detail. All the towns and villages he passed in the great province of Leauton, to inspect which was one of the principal

objects of the journey, were completely ruined, having been sedulously destroyed during the late contest, in order to deprive the Tartar soldiers of all hope of a return to their homes. An entirely new road, prepared for the occasion, extended for more than 1000 Italian miles, "as straight and even as circumstances would allow, the earth being thrown up on either side to the height of one foot, very neatly, as a kind of fence, and marked with posts at regular intervals. It was so smooth and well kept that, in fair weather especially, it resembled a threshing-floor, to maintain which condition persons were placed along its whole course, who suffered no one to travel it till after the emperor and queens had passed." Another road was prepared, with equal pains, for the return journey, "the higher ridges of the hills being, as far as possible, levelled, and bridges thrown over every stream, on either side of which mats, with painted dragons are hung out." The "hunting," however, was not wholly performed on these beautiful roads, the emperor sometimes betaking himself "to unbeaten paths through the mountains for the sake of the chase." As the country through which this *cortège* of 70,000 travelled was desert or devastated, all that they consumed during this journey of 2200 Italian miles had to be carried with them from Peking. "Herds of oxen, flocks of sheep for daily slaughter, and swine, accompanied us, driven across the country on either side; and all this perpetual concourse of carriages, beasts, and men, although kept at some distance from the royal road reserved for the queens, nevertheless raised such a cloud of dust that we seemed to proceed in a perpetual mist." Prosecuted with scarcely a day's intermission, the journey to the frontier occupied three months. The emperor then selected 3000 men, armed with bows and arrows. These spread themselves, and closed themselves into a circle of three miles in diameter, which was gradually narrowed into one of a few hundred paces. The horsemen then dismounted, and "setting foot to foot and shoulder to shoulder, they closed in upon the animals they had driven from their dens and haunts. The latter, after running hither and thither, and finding no exit, sunk down powerless, and were easily captured." As many as 1000 stags, besides wolves, foxes, and such "small deer," were sometimes caught in this manner in a single circle. Tigers were often among the game thus captured. This kind of chase was followed without a day's cessation for a distance of 900 miles, at the end of which the hunting-party "enjoyed two or three day's repose." The scientific Jesuit, who was compelled to be constantly by the king's side, though not

compelled to take any more active part in the battue, was often nearly dead with fatigue after his day's work. After a further advance in this way of 400 miles, the expedition began to return to where it had left the queens; but bad weather coming on, this immense army covered the clay morasses with corpses of beasts of burden. In concluding his account of this hunting, Verbiest answers those who may be "disposed to ask what advantage could be derived to our mission from this expedition?" in a very characteristic way:

"Inasmuch as this countless multitude of men, during the entire journey, saw me mounted on one of the emperor's horses, and heard me from the same, as from a pulpit, often discourse of our worship, in such manner that I might be said to be preaching to an enormous congregation; for there were few among them who had not their attention turned to the emperor as he passed them from time to time, and who did not also see me in near attendance, distinguished as I was by the absence of bow and quiver and by my long beard and European attire, they could not fail to observe me with close attention. As, moreover, nearly all knew me, not only as the author of the Chinese almanac, whose name, by means of that book, has been spread throughout the empire, but also as one who professed, with singular zeal, the doctrine of Christ; moreover, as one who, after the overthrow and expulsion of Yam-quam-sien, had re-introduced into China the European astronomy, together with the Christian doctrine; all this could not be without including many to ask questions touching the Christian faith."

In the commencement of the second of these highly interesting letters, Verbiest declares that, in these journeys, the emperor had in view "to prevent for his soldiers, and especially his Tartar troops, that infection of Chinese luxury and corruption which might otherwise naturally ensue from the idleness of peace." The Jesuit characterizes the Tartars as naturally "a slothful people, and little disposed to any toil, even that of the chase; they neither sow, nor reap, nor plough, nor harrow." It is to be presumed, therefore, that these expeditions required the energy of an emperor like Cambi to keep them up. "Many," says Verbiest, "who had taken part in the campaigns of preceding years, openly confessed to me that they had never, in actual war, endured such hardships as in this fictitious campaign." The Jesuit shrewdly suggests that an additional motive in these expeditions was to awe the out-lying Tartar tribes by an occasional display of force and imperial pomp. Finally, "it may be added," he writes, "that by this movement the emperor, with the queen-mother, avoided the summer heat, which in the dog-days at Peking is tremendous."

This amusing and instructive volume concludes with a third epistle on one of these hunting-expeditions by Father Pereira, another Jesuit in attendance upon the emperor. Pereira gives a picture even more vivid than that drawn by Verbiest of the costly pomp of these expeditions, and the odd contrast of the Tartarean deserts with the flagrant finery of the imperial *cortège*. Among precipices and tigers, "six sumptuous pavilions were erected, the first for the sole use of the emperor, the others for the queens, according to their rank, all alike of lacquer-work, with tin-lining, seven or eight ells in height. The entrance, after the fashion of the Chinese, faced the south, being guarded from the weather by curtains of the most costly silk damask. . . . The road," in these deserts, "had been so carefully mended, and also watered, that nothing more perfect could exist. It makes me ashamed to reflect how imperfect in comparison is my service to God, the Lord of heaven and earth." "Among these rocks everything is at hand the same as in the palace at Pekin."

From a number of photographic touches, which are admirably effective in conferring credibility and reality upon these descriptions of the next to incredible features of the imperial hunts, we give a few at random :

"In the woods I met with edible mushrooms as large as our hats."

"The soil in these highlands being much impregnated with nitre may perhaps be a cause of their great cold; wherever the earth is dug to the depth of three or four feet, this substance is turned up frozen like ice."

"Here also were found tigers, against which the emperor is so incensed that he never spares them, but pursues them to the death."

"Whosoever a river occurs abounding in fish, the chase is superseded, and all betake themselves to fishing; and for this purpose camels carry on their backs small boats, made in separate pieces, which are put together and made available in an instant."

"I, who had no other purpose but to drive the game within shot of the emperor, nevertheless caught an animal between my legs, which much pleased the emperor. Nor is it unfrequent that the wildest animals are thus easily captured, when the circle has once closed in upon them."

"Spits were produced, and large fires lighted, to which some held their portions of meat; others flung the pieces into the fire for a moment, and then swallowed them, still dripping with blood, with great relish."

"In the thickets are white and red onions, which I conjecture to have been brought from Egypt (?). Persian roses are as abundant as thistles or brambles with us."

"On these mountains, which have never before our expedition been ascended by man, trees are sometimes observed which have been

injured by fire—a spectacle which greatly puzzled me when I first beheld it. I remarked that this conflagration always begins at the stems."

Father Pereira most ingeniously suggests that this curious phenomenon was caused by the stag,—

"An animal which sheds its horns annually, and at this season is so plagued by the continual itching, that he rubs his horns to and fro with great violence against any substance till he gets rid of the itching and the horns together."

This explanation, he tells us, satisfied the Chinese, who called on him for an account of all out-of-the-way phenomena; and by way of satisfying the Europeans also that there may be something in his suggestions, he adds, "rotten wood gives out a light of itself by night, so that the smallest writing may be read by it."

"By these and like questions I was kept in continual occupation, and by my answers obtained great applause and consideration. One of the great men of the court said to me, 'If we Tartars were to choose another religion than our own, I should embrace yours, because I never put any thing before its teachers but that I receive satisfaction in reply.'"

"It was so cold here that ten thousand horses died on the night of our arrival, the which were not even missed."

In the middle" (of a high mountain, Pe Cha) "is a lake, said to be unfathomable, but which may rather be said to resist the attempt to fathom it, being always frozen."

In one of the great flocks of sheep that supplied the expedition "were captured two wolves, which kept company with the old sheep and fed on the young."

We cannot conclude our notice of these three remarkable epistles without expressing our regret that the published letters of the Jesuit missionaries of this period, or at least a selection from them, are not placed before the English public in an accessible form. Such a selection, well made and well translated, would be a most popular work.

The last work published by the Hakluyt Society is a *Collection of Documents on Spitzbergen and Greenland*. This volume contains three pieces. The first is a graphic description of Spitzbergen, written by F. Martens of Hamburg, who visited that locality in 1671. The translation before us was made from the German in 1674, and, together with the accompanying tracts, it is now edited by Mr. Adam White of the British Museum. (By the way, let us express our satisfaction that the staff of that institution is able to produce so many really "able editors.") Here, then, we have one genial naturalist edited by another equally genial and more scientific. This first and principal work is divided into sections treating severally of the voyage there

and back, and of all the characteristic natural phenomena of Spitzbergen. The short chapters, each headed with the name of some plant, bird, fish, &c., do not promise much; but, after Jessie's famous gleanings, we know of no more amusing little work of the kind than this. F. Martens describes all he sees with sufficient accuracy and minuteness to be of service to the technical naturalist, and yet manages to delight the unscientific reader with the "touches of nature" to be found among the ice and crags of Spitzbergen. Here are a few of our traveller's remarks, taken from scores of others as good:

"There is hardly any difference of cold between night and day; yet at night, when the sun shineth, it seemeth to one that rightly considereth it, as if it was only clear moonlight, so that you may look upon the sun as well as you can upon the moon."

Concerning the crags of Spitzbergen, he observes:

"Some are but one stone from the bottom to the top, appearing like an old decayed wall; they smell very sweet, as the green fields do in our country when it rains."

"On the 6th we had the same weather, and warm sunshine all night. Hard by us rode a Hollander; and the ship's crew, busie in cutting the fat off a whale, when the fish burst with so great a bounce as if a cannon had been discharged, and bespattered the workmen all over."

"All the herbs and mosses grow upon the grit and sand of the stones where the water falleth down, and on that side of the hill which the east and north winds cannot easily get at."

"If it be never so dark by reason of a mist, yet every bird knoweth how to find their own nest again, and flyeth directly to it."

Concerning certain birds called *malleucks*, he writes:

"They eat so much of the fat of the whales till they spew it up again, and tumble themselves over and over in the water until they vomit up the train-oil; and then they begin to eat afresh, until they grow weary of eating. They bite one another and fight together, which is very good sport, about a piece of fat, fiercely, although there is enough for them all and to spare."

Really these malleucks bear a more insulting resemblance to humanity than monkeys themselves!

There are many curious and entertaining facts about whales and sea-horses, and other monsters of the polar deep; but we must leave room for the *Relation du Groenland*, by Isaac de la Peyrère, the celebrated preadamite, who writes this account to his friend, Mons. La Mothe le Vayer, in 1644, with the object, apparently, of disproving a certain theory of the descent of the Americans from the Greenlanders, and of the Greenlanders from the Norwegians.

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This *Relation* is a rambling and ill-written compilation from semi-fabulous Icelandic and Danish chronicles, mixed up, however, with some good pieces of description of the country, superstitions of mariners, &c. Among the facts gravely recorded we find the following Dantesque account of "three sea monsters of enormous size" sometimes seen in the "sea of Greenland":

"The fish, which the Norwegians saw from the waist upwards out of the water, they called *haffstramb*: it was like a man about the neck, head, face, nose, and mouth, with the exception of the head being very much elevated and pointed towards the top. Its shoulders were broad, and at their extremity were two stumps of arms without hands. The body was slender below; but they have never been able to see its form lower than the waist. Its look was chilling. There were heavy storms each time that this phantom appeared on the water. The second monster has been called *marguer*: it was formed down to the waist like a woman. It had large breasts, dishevelled hair, and huge hands at the ends of the stumps of the arms, with long fingers webbed like the feet of a duck. It was seen holding fish in its hand and eating them. This phantom always preceded some terrible storm. If it plunges into the water with its face towards the sailors, it is a sign that they will not be shipwrecked; but if it turns its back to them, they are lost."

Our author tells us, upon what authority we know not, that "the sea of Spitzbergen" produces whales two hundred feet long; and that, when their bodies are opened, "they find nothing but ten or twelve handfuls of little black spiders, which are engendered by the bad air of the sea; and also a little green grass." The sea, he says, is sometimes darkened with these spiders, "and it is an infallible sign that the fishing will be good, for the whales follow the water that engenders this pestilence." The natural history contained in this tract seems to be as apocryphal, for the most part, as the rest of the matter, which is, upon the whole, about the least valuable and interesting of any hitherto redeemed from obscurity by the Hakluyt Society. But, to make up for this falling short, the third and last piece in the volume is one of the most lively interest. This account of "God's power and providence, showed in the miraculous preservation of eight Englishmen left by mischance in Greenland, anno 1630, nine moneths and twelve dayes," is a reprint of an extremely scarce tract. It has been before reprinted in Churchill's collection, but an analysis of it will be new to most of our readers.

The writer of this tract, Edward Pelham, himself one of the eight who passed the most marvellous polar wintering on record, prefaces his narrative by challenging all former tales of endurance and peril in the same

kind to compare with his. He makes particular reference to the wintering of Barentz and his men, of which we have already given our readers a sketch, and justly maintains, that the hardships of the Dutchmen's winter were not comparable to those of the eight English. These eight, "being employed in the service of the right worshipfull company of Muscovie merchants" on a whaling expedition, were despatched from their ship to hunt and kill "venison" for the ship's provision. All that they took with them was "a brace of dogs, a snap-hance, two lances, and a tinder-box," with victuals for a few days while hunting. The second day their ship "was forced so farre to stand off into the sea to be cleare of the yce" that they lost sight of her, and they thought it best to hunt along shore, in the direction of Greenharbor, the rendezvous of the whaling fleet. On arriving there, after seventeen days, the ships were gone, nor were they to be found on any part of the neighboring coasts. Here, then, these men had to winter, with a brace of dogs, a tinder-box, and a firelock for all their provision; the coast and climate being such that, a short time previously, some malefactors who had been offered life on condition of making the experiment of passing one winter at this whaling station, on being taken to the spot, "conceived such a horror and inward feare in their hearts, as that they resolved rather to returne to England to make satisfaction with their lives than there to remaine." Nine men, who had been left by a similar accident and *by the same captain (?)*, were found dead on the following year, "cruelly disfigured by the savage beares and hungry foxes." After a short fit of prostration, they "began to conceive hope even out of the depth of despair. Shaking off therefore all childish and effeminate feares, it pleased God to give us hearts like men." In order to make the best use of the very few days of open weather remaining, they travelled back in their shallop to the hunting-grounds near Green harbor, and succeeded, before the frost put a stop to hunting operations, in killing venison enough to go a good way towards a winter provision.

Returning with their store to the whaling station at Bell Sound, with the intention of returning for more, if the weather permitted, they "were overtaken with night. The next day was Sunday: wherefore" (although their very existence seemed to depend on a day's work more or less,) "wee thought it fit to sanctifie the rest of it; taking the best course wee could for the serving of God Almighty, although wee had not so much as a booke." The next day they made small way on account of bad weather. They had to pass a second night on the shore: and, on

waking in the morning, saw that both their boats had been overturned, and were "swimming up and downe the shoare" empty of their lading of venison and whale-oil (found at Greenharbor), upon which their only hope of existence depended. Fortunately they managed to recover from the "high-wrought sea" not only their shallops, but much of their provision, a good deal of it much the worse for the brine. With this they at last reached Bell Sound, and proceeded to settle themselves for the winter, which was already upon them. Within a large "tent" or building used by the coopers during the whaling season, these hearty fellows built themselves a smaller apartment, with a Robinson-Crusoe-like thoroughness of comprehension of what they required, and excellent economy of their miserable means, which chiefly consisted of another ruined shed from which they obtained some boards, the bricks of the chimneys of some "boiling furnaces," an old bed, and the skins of the slain venison. With these they constructed quite a cosy and wind-proof apartment within the coopers' house. Their "next care was for firing to dresse their meate withall, and for keeping away the cold." Some "casks and crazie shallops," abandoned by former expeditions of the whaling company, afforded a considerable store; and their provisions were further increased by three "seahorses" which were opportunely slain. When all had been done, and the winter was upon them, "finding our proportion too small by halfe for our time and companie, we agreed among ourselves to come to an allowance, and to keepe Wednesdays and Fridayes fasting-dayes, excepting from the fritters or graves of the whale, a very loathsome meate." Some oil, found in the coopers' "tent," fed a lamp which they constructed out of a piece of sheet-lead and rope-yarn, during the long polar night; and thus, "humbling ourselves under the mighty hand of God, and casting ourselves down before him in prayer two or three times a-day, which course we constantly held all the time of our misery," they passed the time from August of one year to May the 25th of another, when "there came two ships of Hull, and thus, by the blessing of God, came we all eight of us well home safe and sound."

And thus concludes for the present this series of admirably-edited publications. The "Report for 1855" contains a long list of "works in progress," which promise at least to equal in interest those which we have now noticed,—necessarily in a most imperfect manner: for ten times our space might have been well filled by the review of these sixteen issues of the Hakluyt Society.

EXPERIMENTS ON THE GENERATION OF INSECTS.

From Chambers' Journal.

EXPERIMENTS ON THE GENERATION OF INSECTS.

THE belief in the generation of insects from putrid animal matter, which is now confined, if it exist at all, to the most illiterate, prevailed universally amongst the learned down nearly to the close of the seventeenth century. How it came to be exploded, it is our present purpose to relate.

There lived in Florence, about the year 1680, a physician of the name of Francesco Redi,* who was led by circumstances, which it is unnecessary to recount, to question the truth of the prevalent opinion. In order, therefore, to put it to the test of experiment, he caused three snakes, of a species which he calls *Angui d'Esculapio*, to be killed, and put into an open box. The snakes were soon covered with small maggots, which daily increased both in size and numbers; they were all shaped alike, being conical, but their dimensions varied considerably. Having consumed the flesh of the reptiles in an amazingly short time, they all succeeded in escaping unobserved through the fissures of the box, leaving the naked bones of the snakes in a corner. In further prosecution of his experiment, Redi had other three snakes killed, and put into a box as before. In a few days, they were peopled with maggots of the same shape as the former; but some, smaller than the rest, were inclined to a flesh-color; while the others were entirely white. Having devoured the snakes, they anxiously tried to escape; but as Redi had taken more care than before to secure all the outlets from the box, they were unable to effect their purpose. Gradually, therefore, they became more quiet, and after some time lay motionless, as if asleep. Shrinking into themselves, they imperceptibly began to take the form of eggs; by the twentieth day they had all assumed that shape. At first, the seeming eggs were of a white color, but by slow degrees they became first golden, and then red. Some remained of the latter color; but the rest continued to grow darker and darker, till they became quite black; while, from being soft and tender, their skins had changed to the hard and brittle shell of the chrysalis or pupa. On examining both species more closely, Redi found that the black eggs were more strongly marked than the red, which were nearly smooth. At the end of eight days, the latter burst, and from each chrysalid issued a fly of a dull ash color, "turbid, dismayed, and, so to speak, wrinkled, unfinished," and with wings unfolded; but in the space of half an hour, it had dilated its little body, expanded its wings,

"and, relinquishing the sad ash color, became dressed in a vivid green, marvellously brilliant. It was now so much larger than before, that it seemed impossible to conceive how its little shell could have contained it." In fourteen days, some of the black chrysalids burst, and produced a larger fly, "black, marked with white, hairy on the abdomen, and red at the nether end, such as daily frequent butchers' shops, or any place where there is dead flesh."

The important fact, that one kind of meat should produce two kinds of flies, so antagonistic to the dogmas of the age, stimulated the experimentalist to fresh exertions. Instead, therefore, of only one kind, he put many kinds into different boxes, and obtained the same results as before, except that the different species of insects were more numerous.

He next put some skinned river-frogs into a glass vessel, which he left open. On the following day, he found them covered with maggots, some sporting in the fetid liquor that had distilled from the frogs, while the others revelled on the carcases themselves. On the third day, they had all disappeared, leaving nothing of the frogs but the bones.

Some fish from the Arno were the next victims to Redi's inquisitive spirit, and these also were soon peopled; but on the fish, and on the sides of the box in which the fish were placed, he discovered not only maggots, but also some very small eggs, which, when crushed between the nails, gave forth "a white subtile fluid," clearer and less viscous than the white of bird's eggs. By the twentieth day, they were all hatched; and the maggots had increased to twice their original size, weighing from twenty-five to thirty to the grain; but on the twenty-first day, they were so amazingly enlarged as to weigh about seven grains each. Meanwhile, they continued to devour the fish, finally leaving nothing but the bones, and these "as white and clean as if they had just come from the hand of the most delicate anatomist in Europe."

Having taken means to prevent their escape, which they all attempted, Redi watched their gradual progress towards perfection. The perfect insects were of five kinds—four of them he had seen before; the fifth, a little black fly, greatly exceeding in numbers the numbers of its pupæ, which were black and large, he had never observed till then. Seeing this curious disproportion between the number of the pupæ and the number of flies, he opened one of the former, and found that they contained, upon an average, from twenty-five to thirty flies, but never more than forty.

After this, he made many more experiments—on lions' and tigers' flesh, and on

* He died in 1697.

EXPERIMENTS ON THE GENERATION OF INSECTS.

various species of fish, flesh, and fowl, cooked and raw, and found that the insects were promiscuously produced on all kinds of meat; and, indeed, one piece would sometimes contain all the species he had discovered; and he generally observed not only maggots, but eggs.

These experiments strengthened the opinion he had been at first inclined to entertain, that the eggs were deposited on the meat by flies similar to those which they produced, instead of being generated by the putrid mass; and he was the more confirmed in this opinion, from finding invariably that flies resembling those afterwards engendered in the flesh alighted upon it previously to the appearance of the maggots: "but vain," he adds, "would have been the doubt, if experience had not resolved it."

In order that he might, if possible, do this, he put into four wide-necked flasks a snake, some river-fish, some eels from the Arno, and some veal, and covered the mouths of the flasks with paper tied on tightly and sealed. Four other flasks containing similar meats he left open.

In a few days, the fish and meat in the open flasks were, as usual, covered with maggots; but in the closed flasks, the flesh, although putrid, was entirely free from them, although on the outside of the paper he found a few, as well as several clusters of eggs—the former having used, and still using, every endeavor to enter. After this, Redi made many similar experiments, and always found that uncovered meats in a short time teemed with life; while, on the contrary, those that had no communication with the external air, corrupted, but never verminated.

During the course of these experiments, he ascertained the curious fact, that when the common fly dies, it serves as a nest for its own species, equally with any other kind of dead flesh.

Not yet satisfied, Redi determined on making a new experiment. He put some fish and flesh into a large vessel covered with very fine gauze. This vessel he then put into a large box covered with a similar gauze, so that the air might penetrate to the meats, while the intrusion of insects should be prevented. On these meats he did not see a single maggot, but frequently observed the little creatures writhing about on the outer gauze, trying to make their way through; and it was with difficulty that, on one occasion, he succeeded in preventing two, which had got half through the inner gauze, from falling upon the meat. He also noticed flies, attracted by the exhalations of the meat, and unable to make their way to it, drop their eggs upon the gauze; some of them

lighting on it, others hovering in the air during the operation; and he also noticed that each deposited six or seven eggs at a time. This was the point he wished to attain; and he had now discovered that insects supposed to be engendered by corruption were, in reality, propagated by their own species.

Notwithstanding this discovery, the belief in the spontaneous generation of insects in the body of living men and animals seems to have remained undisturbed till quite a recent period. The writers who have thought most light upon the subject are Von Liebold, Küchenmeister, Goodair, Owen, Quekett, Dr. Allen Thomson, and now Dr. T. Herbert Barker, in the case he has just published of cystic entozoa in the human kidney.* These entozoa, it appears, although apparently different species of animals, including the cysticercus, cœnurus, and echinococcus, are merely different early stages of the mature entozoa [intestinal worms], of which the common tape-worm is the best illustration; and they all arise from there having been taken into the body some larvæ or ova, the various resulting developments "being subject to certain fixed laws of transformation, which are at once as interesting to the pathologist as to the natural historian."

The curious transformations of the ova when introduced into the bodies of animals are established by direct experiment. Küchenmeister found that "when young dogs were made to eat along with their food a number of the cysticercous pisiformis, so common in the rabbit, the entozoa produced were converted in a few weeks into the *tœnia serrata*. He also found that by giving the cœnurus cerebialis of a sheep to a dog, the same result ensued. Thirdly—and this is the most telling experiment with regard to the human subject—he gave a number of cysticerci, taken from the hog and rabbit, to a condemned criminal, at periods varying from one hundred and thirty to twelve hours before execution. After death, a number of young *tœniæ* in different stages of development were found in the intestines. After proving his position so far, the same experimentalist varied his experiment. Having produced a *tœnia serrata* in a dog by feeding it with the cœnurus, he caused lambs to take the *tœnai* joints, and obtained, in the short space of eighteen days, a development of the cœnurus in the brain, in the muscles, and under the skin of these animals." Von Liebold performed similar experiments. From the entozoic larvæ he produced a development of the tape-worm, which in the course of two months attained the length of from ten to twelve inches; and, in like man-

* Hamilton, Adams, & Co. London: 1856.

ner, by the administration of the tænia-heads, he produced cystic entozoa.

Dr. Thomson is of opinion that in the human subject the tænia is produced by swallowing the larvæ of the scolox with the food, the common source of which animal is the

cysticercus cellulose of measly pork. Upon the whole, the probabilities are, that all such diseases will be found, when science has advanced further in this direction, to have a dietetic origin.

ISAAC AND ISHMAEL. — The lot of the unfortunate Ishmael and his unoffending mother, have always been to me peculiarly interesting. An infant expelled his father's house for no offence, thrown under a tree to starve, the victim of an old man's dotage and a turgent's jealousy. God forgive the wicked thought (if it be wicked); but, speaking in a temporal sense, and knowing the histories of the two families, I would rather be the outcast Ishmael than the pampered Isaac, the father of the favored people of God. I know not what divines may see, but I see nothing contrary to the divine attributes in supposing, that when in the one, God thought proper to give a grand example of mercy and benevolence, he should think proper to give in the other a grand example of retributive justice. The descendants of the pampered Isaac have known little but misery, have become a by-word of contempt, the slaves of slaves: but the descendants of the outcast Ishmael, in their healthy country, proverbial for its luxuries and happiness (*Felix*), have walked with heads erect. The world has bowed beneath their yoke, or trembled at their name; but they never have either bowed or trembled, and I hope and trust they never will. — *Godfrey Higgins' Celtic Druids*.

THE DEVIL ATTACKS THE SPIRIT THROUGH THE FLESH. — "The powers of darkness," says Dr. Watts, in one of his Sermons, "chiefly attack our spirits by means of our flesh. I cannot believe they would have so much advantage over our souls as they have, if our souls were released from flesh and blood. Satan has a chamber in the imagination; fancy is his shop wherein to forge sinful thoughts; and he is very busy at this mischievous work, especially when the powers of nature labor under any disease, and such as affects the head and the nerves. He seizes the unhappy opportunity, and gives greater disturbances to the mind by combining the images of the brain in an irregular manner, and stimulating and urging onwards the too unruly passions. The crafty adversary is ever ready to fish, as we say, in troubled waters, where the humors of the body are out of order."

JOHN KNOX'S PROPHECY. — John Knox, the Scotch Reformer, received the news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew when on his death-bed, and prayed that no French king might ever have a son to sit on his throne. (See M'Crie's *Life of Knox*.) Has any French King since that time had a direct heir? — *Notes and Queries*.

EPITAPH OF WHALLEY'S GRANDFATHER. — Richard Whalley, grandfather of the regicide, died in 1583, at the age of 84, and these verses were inscribed on his monument:

"Behold his Wives were number three;
Two of them died in right good fame;
The third this Tomb erected she
For him who well deserved the same,
Both for his life and godly end,
Which all that knows must needs commend,
And they that knows not, yet may see
A worthy Whalley lo was he.

"Since time brings all things to an end,
Let us ourselves apply,
And learn by this our faithful friend,
That here in tomb doth lie,
To fear the Lord, and eke behold
The fairest is but dust and mold:
For as we are, so once was he;
And as he is, so must we be."

A FAST DAY. — This day we kept solemn fast in the place where our sitting is, and no one with us but ourselves, the Scotch commissioners, and some parliament-men. First Mr. Wilson gave a picked psalm, or selected verses of several psalms, agreeing to the time and occasion. Then Dr. Burgess prayed about an hour: after he had done, Mr. Whittacre preached upon Isa. xxxvii. 3, "This day is a day of trouble," &c. Then having had another chosen psalm, Mr. Goodwin prayed; and after he had done, Mr. Palmer preached upon Psalm xxv. 12. After whose sermon we had another psalm, and Dr. Stanton prayed about an hour; and with another psalm, and a prayer of the prolocutor, and a collection for the maimed soldiers, which arose to about £3 15s., we adjourned till the morrow morning. — *Lightfoot*.

DEADENING GLASS WINDOWS. — Mix mastic varnish with a small quantity of white lead, merely sufficient to dim it; apply it to the inside of the pane of glass with an old, much worn, stumpy, large paint-brush, using a very small quantity of the varnish at a time, and applying it to the glass with the points of the hairs of the brush only.

I have windows so dimmed, and looking like ground glass, twenty-two years ago, as perfect as ever, except where the untutored assiduity of a new housemaid may have exerted itself, not quite in vain, to scrub off the varnish. — *Notes and Queries*.

From The National Era.

THE MAYFLOWERS. *

The trailing arbutus, or Mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.

SAD Mayflower ! watched by winter stars,
And nursed by winter gales,
With petals of the sleetest spars,
And leaves of frozen sails !

What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her ice-rimmed bay,
In common with the wild-wood flowers,
The first sweet smiles of May ?

Yet, "God be praised ! " the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
"Behold our Mayflower here ! "

"God wills it : here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er,
For us the Mayflower of the sea
Shall spread her sails no more."

O ! sacred flower of faith and hope !
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day
Its shadow round us draws ;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring
To life the frozen sod ;

And, through dead leaves of hope, shall spring
Afresh the flowers of God !

J. G. W.

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

I WANDERED forth upon the shore,
Wishing this lie of life was o'er ;
What was beyond I could not guess,
I thought it might be quietness,
And now I had no dream of bliss,
No thought, no other hope but this —
To be at rest ; — for all that fed
The dream of my proud youth had fled,
My dream of youth that I would be
Happy and glorious, wise and free,
In mine own right, and keep my state,
And would repel the heavy weight,
The load that crushed unto the ground
The servile multitude around :
The purpose of my life had failed —
The heavenly heights I would have scaled
Seemed more than ever out of sight,
Farther beyond my feeble flight.

The beauty of the universe
Was lying on me like a curse ;
Only the lone surge at my feet
Uttered a soothing murmur sweet,
As every broken weary wave
Sunk gently to a quiet grave,
Dying on the bosom of the sea :
And death grew beautiful to me.
Until it seemed a mother mild,
And I like some too happy child —
A happy child, that tired with play,
Through a long summer holyday,
Runs to his mother's arms to weep
His little weariness asleep.

DAWN.

In idle grief I sat and sighed,
With folded hands for love and light ;
But darkness brooded far and wide,
And silence sealed the lips of night.
And still, as blackness changed to gray,
And star by star died out above,
I wept my foolish heart away,
And feebly sighed for light and love.
But when the Alchemist on high
Flashed into gold each ruddy streak,
A new-born breeze, careering by,
Leaped up and kissed me on the cheek ;
Then came a murmur from the plain,
And music from the waving grove,
And Earth to happy toil again
Awoke with praise for light and love.

"I take it for a sign," I said,
And rose like Lazarus from his grave ;
"Leave folded hands unto the dead,
Leave sighing to the galley-slave ;
For all the sighs from all the lands,
And all the tears that men can weep,
Could waft no love to folded hands,
Could rain no light on wilful sleep.

"For, never slumbering, to the morn
Earth's earnest eyes for ever move ;
And from her million sons are borne
No idle sighs for light and love.
But labor, labor slays the night,
And speeds the Day-god's chariot wheels ;
Labor, love-given, fathers light ;
And light to labor love reveals."

Then, gathering up my newest sighs,
I shaped therefrom a bark of air ;
With the last offerings of my eyes
I freighted it, and called it "Prayer."
Its sails were set, its masts were strong,
Well-found in airy bolt and bar ;
I watched it as it surged along,
And hid behind the morning star.
And, as I turned with braver tread
Across the barren mountain side,
Methought some whisperer softly said —
"Go, labor thou, whate'er betide ;
Go, labor thou, and be content !
Thy little bark, like Noah's dove,
Shall seek thee when the day is spent,
Deep-laden, then, with light and love."

— Household Words.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE LITERARY LEVIATHAN.

Who has not heard of the great leviathan of literature — the St. Domingan Marquis de la Pailletterie, the Algerian lion-hunter, the protector of Abd-el-Kader—who, for nearly twenty years, produced dramas, romances, histories, travels, at the rate of forty volumes per annum, and whose career makes the list complete by being in itself a most instructive sermon! Has he not, in his own amusing *bavardage*, told the world of the number of amanuenses he worked out in the course of twenty-four hours—of the relays of couriers constantly employed spurring in hot haste with the manuscript productions of his fertile brain from his country-seat to the printing-offices of Paris! Yet now, when the bubble has burst, when we know as an established and uncontradicted—simply because uncontradictable—fact, that not one-twentieth of the works bearing the works *par Alexandre Dumas* on their title-pages were written by that individual; and that the major part of even this small minority are, without the slightest acknowledgment, copied, to a greater or less extent, from the works of other authors, we are forced to infer, as Trinculo did of Caliban, that the great leviathan is but a very shallow monster after all.

In an article which appeared some years since in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Dumas relates how he became a dramatic author. He was, he tells us, a clerk in the service of the Duke of Orleans—afterwards King Louis-Philippe—at the humble salary of 1200 francs a year, when on the occasion of an English theatrical company visiting Paris, he first saw the plays of Shakspeare performed. Like a person who had been born blind—the simile is his own—and to whom, after arriving at the age of manhood, sight by some miracle had been given, Dumas at once found himself in a new world, of which he never previously had the slightest idea. As the Italian peasant said when he first saw a picture: “I, too, will be a painter,” so did Dumas exclaim when he first saw *Hamlet*: “I, too, will be dramatic author.” His earlier essays, however, were unsuccessful; but the occurrence of a great event soon opened up a pathway leading him to fame and fortune. The memorable three days of July, 1830, effected a dramatic as well as a political revolution. Excited by the sanguinary contest and wearied to satiety with the heavy dramas of Corneille and Racine, patronized by the Bourbon dynasty, the Parisian audiences were ripe for a more stimulating style of theatrical representation. The hour had arrived, and the man was not wanting. The *Henry III.* of Dumas ap-

pearing about this period, carried Paris, as as it were, by storm. The classical formalities of the old school succumbed at once to the rope-ladders, poisoned goblets, stilettoes, brigands, and executioners of the new romantic drama. *Christine*, and one or two other dramas of a similar romantic description, written by M. Dumas, following in quick succession, were put upon the stage with a pomp and circumstance previously unknown, even in Paris, and were welcomed with rapturous applause by crowded audiences. As mere acting pieces, these plays are not devoid of a certain degree of merit. Gratifying the eye rather than the intellect, they display considerable inventive faculty, keen perception of contrast, and decided knowledge of theatrical effect; arresting the attention of the auditor by surprise, and keeping his curiosity ever in suspense, without attempting to hold the mirror up to nature—

“To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, or to mend the heart.”

The Parisian audiences, however, were satisfied with the quality of the fare provided for their amusement, but not with its quantity. Their appetite increasing upon what it fed upon, they demanded more. The managers were eager to take advantage of the new flood that led so rapidly to fortune; but the demand exceeded the supply; consequently, Messrs. Anicet Bourgeois, Auguste Maquet, and others, were enlisted under the banners of the already famous Dumas, and scores of plays were thus produced, all bearing the name of the great chief. How the large sum of money paid for these dramas was divided among their authors, is a secret of the *atelier* never yet revealed; but it is known that Dumas had the lion's share of the cash, and all the honor. Indeed, one of the best of this crowd of dramas, *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, M. Dumas transcribed in his own handwriting, and sent the precious autograph to Christina, queen-dowager of Spain; and her most Catholic Majesty sent back, in return, the cordon of the Order of Isabella—an honor of which M. Dumas was most vain-gloriously proud, as his own writings amply testify: yet *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle* was not written by M. Dumas at all, but by one of his literary retainers, a young Pole, then struggling for a precarious existence in the French metropolis, but now Count Walewski, the distinguished statesman of the present Empire.

But the worst has to be told. Few, if any, of the numerous dramas bearing the name of Dumas, whether written by himself or his assistants, are original, the greater part of them being made up, more or less, from the works of other writers. As an instance, M.

Dumas, probably in gratitude to Shakspeare for rescuing him from dramatic blindness, produced his own *Hamlet*, which is merely a mutilated translation of the original, with the questionable *improvement*, that the ghost, appearing in the last act, restores Hamlet to a long life and undisputed possession of the throne of Denmark!

Numerous other wholesale plagiarisms of a similar description were not suffered to pass unnoticed, and it is but fair to M. Dumas that we should here give his very characteristic reply to such charges: "It is not any man," he says, "but mankind, that invents. Every one, in his appointed season, possessing himself of the things known to his fathers, turns them over, places them in new combinations, and thus, having added certain particles to the sum of human happiness, is peacefully gathered to his sires." After most profanely quoting that God made man in His own image, to prove the absolute impossibility of invention, M. Dumas thus continues: "This consideration it was that made Shakspeare reply to the reproach of a stupid critic, that he had taken more than one scene bodily from a contemporary author: 'It is a maiden whom I have withdrawn from bad to introduce into good company.' This it was that made Molière say, with still more *naïveté*: 'I seize upon my own, wherever I find it.' And Shakspeare and Molière were both right; for the man of true genius hever steals—he conquers. He seizes a province—he annexes it to his realms—it becomes an intrinsic part of his empire; he peoples it with his subjects, and extends over it his sceptre of gold. I find myself compelled to speak in this manner, because, far from receiving from certain critics the applause I merit, they accuse me of plagiarism—they point me out as a thief. I have at least the reflection to console myself with, that my enemies like those who attack Shakspeare and Molière, are so obscure that memory will not preserve their names."

With all due deference to M. Dumas, we are afraid that the anecdotes he cites of Shakspeare and Molière militate against his non-inventive theory, as they really appear to be proofs of at least his own powers of invention. We all know the old story of Alexander the Great and the robber—the plunderer of kingdoms was a hero; the petty pilferer of a henroost, merely a thief. Surely, Alexandre Dumas, the hero of we do not know how many hundred volumes, must have been thinking of his great namesake of Macedon when he penned the above lines. Spirit-rappers and mediums alone can inform us how the shades of Shakspeare, Molière, Goethe, Schiller, Kotzebue, Lope de Vega,

Calderon de la Barca, Walter Scott, and other departed celebrities, rejoice under the conquering sceptre of Dumas. But we can readily fancy how wretched Jules Janin, William Thackeray, Granier de Chassagnac, and other living authors, must feel at the idea of being known only to posterity as the petty assailants of the united Shakspeare and Molière of the nineteenth century!

It is, however, by his romances that M. Dumas is best known in England, either as an honest author, or, as he phrases it, a conqueror. The popularity of the dramas issued in his name soon made him one of the notorieties of Paris; and the proprietors of the Parisian journals being as anxious to have his productions in their columns as the people were to read them, from a dramatic author, M. Dumas became a *feuilletonist*. To explain the term, it is necessary to observe that many of the Parisian journals have a supplement to their *sheet*, carried on from page to page—and separated by a black line from the political and miscellaneous matter—containing a few chapters of a romance, written by the most popular writer the editor can procure. Most of the romances bearing the name of Dumas were first published in this manner; and we may add, that it is a very remunerative mode for the author, as the proprietor of the journal pays liberally for what the majority of his subscribers consider the most interesting part of his paper, and the author has the additional advantage of gaining by the separate publication of his work, in the book-form, after its completion in the *feuilletons*.

The first romances of M. Dumas, published in *feuilletons*, were *La Salle d'Armes*, *La Rose Rouge*, *Isabel de Bavaire*, and *Le Capitaine Paul*. *La Salle d'Armes* is original; so is *La Rose Rouge*, and a charming little tale to boot; but M. Dumas had previously published it in the book-form, under the title of *Blanche de Beaulieu*. *Isabel de Bavaire* is partly taken from a forgotten story of the same name published by Arnoult in 1821; and *Le Capitaine Paul* is a veritable conquest and annexation of Cooper's *Pilot*—Dumas coolly taking up the thread of the American novelist's story, and, wherever he can find room, stringing on to it the false sentiments and flimsy incidents of his own invention.

Alexander the Great conquered the land, but the modern Alexandre extended his dominion over the deep. In 1840, M. Dumas published *Vie et Aventures de John Davys*. This is an English nautical story, and, in our opinion, formed a remarkable conquest. Few English landmen, if any, could write a nautical story ship-shape enough to pass muster among seafaring men. Leaving

Defoe out of the question, the best attempts of this description — *The Cruise of the Midge*, &c. — were written by a clever compositor, who had had some little experience in a Leith smack; but when weighed in the nautical balance these works were found sadly wanting. What are we to think, then, of a French landsman correctly depicting the feelings, habits, and nautical skill of an English sailor — describing the etiquette of an English ship-of-war, from the captain in his regal state, on the sacred weather-side of the quarter-deck, down to the lubberly loblolly-boy crawling in the lee-scuppers — detailing, what is technically termed, the ship's duty, from the time the hands are turned out by the shrill whistle of the boatswain in the early morning, till the hammocks are piped down at seven bells! It really is astonishing. The battle, storm, and wreck are also ably and nautically depicted. But, as worthy Dr. Primrose said to that ingenious rogue, Mr. Jenkins, have we not heard all this before? Is not this battle-piece in *Peter Simple*, this storm in *Newton Foster*? O, we see it now — M. Dumas has merely been conquering Captain Marryat; another province, the wide ocean itself, has fallen to his golden, or rather gold-creating sceptre.

The public demand for the romances of M. Dumas soon equalled the previous run upon his dramas, and was met in a similar manner. A number of assistants were employed; and it is an indisputable fact, that by these assistants were written the very best of the romances which were given to the world as the works of Alexandre Dumas. Among many others we may allude only to *Georges*, written by M. Malleille; *Fernande*, by M. Auger; *Un Fille de Regent*, by M. Coualho; and *Sylvandire*, by M. Maquet. These works, however, were but little known out of France; it was *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *Monte Christo* that gave Dumas a world-wide reputation, though he actually did not write a line of either of them. *The Three Musketeers* — we use its English title, for it is well known by translations both in England and America — was written by M. Maquet. We place the word written in italics, for the work is one of the very grossest of plagiarisms. Previous to the historical romance coming into vogue, what may be termed romantic biographies were written, in which the lives of real historical characters were treated in a romantic manner. One Gatiien de Courtiltz, a writer of romantic biographies in the early part of the last century, hit upon the very excellent subject of the life of M. d'Artagnan, from his departure when a poor lad from Béarn, his native place, to his high elevation at the French court as captain of the royal musketeers, and prime favorite of

Cardinal Mazarin, and to his glorious death in the trenches at the siege of Maestricht. Accordingly, in 1701, Courtiltz published his *Mémoires de M. d'Artagnan* — a romance, be it remembered, founded on a real life — and introduced into the work the fictitious characters Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, their intrigues, duels, amours, drinking-bouts, and gambling matches, since so well known to the readers of *The Three Musketeers*. In fact, Maquet did not task his invention for a single incident; he did not even alter the names of the leading characters; he merely modernized the style of part of the original *Mémoires*. But as the work of Courtiltz is not very rare — we have met with it on London book-stalls — Maquet, to put his readers on a false scent, alludes in his preface to the *Mémoires*, but in a light, careless manner, as if merely incidental to a more elaborate reference he makes to a certain manuscript life of a Count de la Fere, which he discovered in the Royal Library at Paris. This manuscript has been sought for, but in vain. It never had an existence, save in the too cunning mind's-eye of M. Maquet. Probably M. Dumas himself was imposed upon with respect to the originality of *The Three Musketeers*, for he never saw the work until it was printed. It appears that when M. Maquet was making it, he one evening supped with some brother *littérateurs*, and the conversation turning upon the book-manufacture of M. Dumas, a friend asked Maquet why he did not write in his own name.

The reply was: "Monsieur Dumas pays me more for my writings than the publishers would."

"But," said another, "Monsieur Dumas always re-writes, or at least corrects the works written by others which he issues as his own."

"Not at all," said Maquet; "and as a proof he does not, I will introduce into the manuscript of the work I am at present engaged upon the most awkward paragraph in the French language. I will repeat the word *que* sixteen times in five lines, and I will bet you a dozen of champagne that the whole sixteen will be found in the printed work."

The bet was taken, and M. Maquet won it. The sixteen repetitions of *que* are still extant in five lines of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*.

Another laughable proof that M. Dumas did not read some of the works he issued as his own before they were printed, is found in *Amaury*, written by M. Meurice. When *Amaury* was written, Meurice was a new recruit in the noble army of authors headed by Dumas. Wishing privately to flatter the great chief, and never for a moment supposing that he would not read over and ex-

punge the words from the manuscript, Maurice, in the work, boldly called upon the French Academy to open its doors to the immortal genius of Dumas. As Dumas did not read the manuscript, the words were not expunged; so, when *Amaury* came out, all Paris was in laughter to find M. Dumas in his own work calling on the Academy to open its doors to his own immortal genius.

To return to the *Musketeers*. The memoirs of D'Artagnan were a rich mine for the firm of Dumas & Co. By carefully spreading out the smallest possible quantity of type over the greatest possible extent of paper, *Les Trois Mousquetaires* was stretched out to eight octavo volumes; then followed its sequel, *Vingt Ans Après*, written by Maquet, in ten volumes—then, as a sequel to the sequel, *Le Viscont de Bragelonne*, also by Maquet, in six volumes—all drawn from the same prolific source. Thus the three duodecimo volumes of the original memoirs were transmuted into twenty-four octavo volumes, by a wave of the golden sceptre of the great Dumas!

We now come to *The Count of Monte Christo*, published in eighteen octavo volumes. The first part of this popular work was written by a M. Fiorentino, the second part by M. Maquet; yet neither is perfectly original. The story of Morel is taken from a novel by Arnould, entitled *La Roue de la Fortune*; and two of the horrible tragedies in the second part are merely copied from the published archives of the Parisian police. Some French critics assert, on apparently very sufficient evidence, that the leading plot of *Monte Christo*, the imprisonment and escape of Dantes, his accidentally becoming possessed of immense wealth, and unscrupulously using it to wreak a terrible vengeance on his persecutors, may be found in an old and obscure German romance. However this may be, whether conquered at first or second hand, *Monte Christo* was not written by Dumas.

It must not be supposed that M. Dumas confined his conquests to romances alone. In 1839, he published a translation of Ugo Foscolo's *Jacopo Ortis*. This work requires a word or two for itself, as it has never been translated into English—an honor, by the way, of which it is utterly undeserving. *Ortis*, a poor copy of a bad model, is merely an Italian Werter, who, mingling a passionate love for a Venetian lady with an ardent zeal for the liberties of his native land, is so bewildered by the twofold emotions of love and patriotism that he takes refuge in suicide. This work was strictly proscribed by the First Napoleon; but, in spite of severe penalties, and the strenuous exertions of the police, four inferior translations of it were from

time to time circulated among the ultra-republican party in France. In 1829, however, when all the political interest of the letters had evaporated, an excellent translation of *Ortis* was made by M. Gosselin, and openly published at Paris. Ten years later, the translation of Dumas appeared in rather a curious form, for there was nothing on the title-page to indicate that the work was a translation; nor was the name of the author, Foscolo, mentioned, the title-page being simply *Jacques Ortis, par Alexandre Dumas*. This simplicity of title is explained in the preface, written, or at least signed, by M. Fiorentino, who asserts that "only one man in France could understand and translate *Ortis*." Of course, that man is Dumas, "who," to quote the preface again, "has placed himself on a level with Foscolo; and, in all justice, *Ortis* belongs to Dumas; it is at once his conquest and his heritage." Now, this outrageous puff, though undesignedly so, is actually the bitterest of irony; for this conquest and heritage, by the only man in France capable of translating and understanding the original is stolen almost word for word, from the translation by Gosselin. The theft has been fully exposed by M. Querard in his *Supercherries Littéraires*, by placing parts of Gosselin's translation side by side with the same portions from Dumas.

It would be unfair if we did not admit that some of the romances, actually written by M. Dumas, possess, like his dramas, a certain degree of merit. His sketches are vivid, but more remarkable for effect than probability, and his combinations ever display more taste than originality of conception. He groups artistically, but allows coarse contrasts of light and shade; while all through his writings can be observed a greater hastiness of execution than accuracy of detail. Any work bearing his name that exhibits evidence of research, investigation, or reflection, may be safely set down as not written by him. One would suppose such a writer unfitted to shine as a historian; but his friends assert that in that respect he is fully equal to Châteaubriand and Thierry; and, curiously enough, his assailants are forced to concur in the same opinion. This seeming anomaly can easily be explained. In *Gaule et France*, written by Dumas, there are just 400 pages taken wholesale from the *Etudes Historiques* of Châteaubriand, and the *Lettres sur l'Histoire de France* of Thierry! It is to be hoped that M. Dumas is not so ungrateful as Donatus, the saintly plagiarist of yore, who used to exclaim: "Let them be excommunicated and accursed who have written our good things before us!"

A detailed notice of the numerous works written and otherwise manufactured by and

for M. Dumas, would require a volume. No field of literature did he leave untilled; and truly his harvests were abundant. Lawsuits that would have ruined any other man, served merely as advertisements to keep this Barnum of literature before the public. One of these lawsuits, being rather characteristic of French ideas, is worthy of more particular notice. In *La Dame de Monsoreau*, one of the Dumas romances, really written by himself, he depicted François d'Espinay, a courtier in the reign of Henry III., in no flattering colors; and the Marquis d'Espinay, a descendant of the above-named François, actually, in the nineteenth century, brought an action against the romancist for defaming the character of an ancestor who lived in the sixteenth! Fortunately for Dumas, his view of the courtier's character was supported by history, and, consequently, he gained the suit. The Château of Monte Christo, of which an account lately appeared in this Journal, was another advertisement—a gigantic puff direct; so were the lion-killing feats in Algeria, the visit to the brigands of the Sierra Morena, and the host of other wonderful adventures so unlike any that other persons had ever met with, and in all of which every person and circumstance combined for the one purpose only of glorifying and doing honor to the immortal genius of Dumas. All this prolonged *fanfare* of ego-

tistical braggadocio has, by those who were before the curtain, been ascribed to inordinate vanity; while those behind the scenes knew it to be merely an exercise of what an old book terms the pleasant art of money-catching. Is Professor Drugaway vain of his pills, think ye? We opine not. He puffs them, and they pay him well for the puffing. So did the books issued by M. Dumas. Their sale was immense, their number was legion, and their prices were high. To purchase a complete set of his works would, in 1848, have required upwards of £68 sterling!

For a long period, squib, satire, and criticism fell harmless against the brazen walls of the great temple of literary humbug erected by M. Dumas. Nothing less than a revolution could overthrow it, and at last a revolution did. M. Dumas no longer resides in the Château of Monte Christo, but, as the Napoleon of literature, it is said he terms his present Belgian residence St. Helena!

Space has permitted us to notice only a few of the more striking points of this remarkable chapter in the history of literary deception. As our authorities, and a clue to those who may wish to learn more, we refer the reader to the work of M. Querard, already quoted—to the *Fabrique de Romans*, *Maison A. Dumas et Compagnie* of Eugène de Mirecourt; and to *Alexandre Dumas Dévoilé*, said to be written by M. Chassagnac.

PRIESTS' HIDING-PLACES.—There are many of these remaining in the mansions of old Catholic families. Your Correspondent Henry Tuck alludes to those at Sawston Hall, near Cambridge; Coldham Hall, Suffolk; Maple Durham; and Upton Court, Berkshire. There is one very deep at Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk; and nearly every old Catholic hall was provided with one, from the necessity of the times when the penal laws were rigorously enforced. The most curious hiding-place I have seen is that at Irnham Hall in Lincolnshire. The situation of this ingeniously-contrived place has been forgotten, though it was well known to exist somewhere in the mansion, till it was discovered a few years ago. In going round the chimney stacks it was observed that one of the chimnies of a cluster was without smoke or any blackness, and as clear as when the masonry was new. This led to the conjecture that it was not in reality a chimney, but an open shaft to give light and air to the priests' hiding-place, yet so forming one of a group of chimnies as to obviate all suspicion of its real purpose. It was carefully examined,

and the conjecture fully borne out by the discovery of the long lost hiding-place.

The opening into it was found by removing a beam behind a single step between two servants' bedrooms. You then come to a panel, which has a very small iron tube let into it, through which any message could be conveyed to the occupant of the hiding-place. This panel being removed, a ladder of four steps leads down into the secret chamber, which, like that at Ingatestone Hall, is exceedingly dry, and free from any unpleasant atmosphere, owing to the excellent ventilation by means of the chimney above described. The floor, when I went down into it a few years ago, was of loose sand and a few stones, like the ordinary rubbish of an unfinished building. There was a thick rush mat rolled up at one end, which had served the priest for a bed, and there was a small prayer-book, which no doubt he had used in his solitary confinement. The hiding-place is eight feet long by five feet broad, and just high enough to allow of standing upright. — *Notes and Queries.*

From Chambers' Journal.

CURIOSITIES OF OUR POST-OFFICE.

OUR post-office, in common with many other peaceful institutions, has been grievously disturbed and thrown off its equilibrium by the war. Ours is an Irish seaside village, and every man and boy of the operative classes dwelling therein, between the ages of twelve and sixty, was seized with an uncontrollable longing to join the fleet and fight the *Rossians*. The consequence is, that the culture of our pretty little gardens is left in the hands of an aged sea-monster, a sort of superannuated Caliban, who having turned his oar into a spade, has suddenly started up as a professor of horticulture. His ideas, however, savoring much more of his former than of his present profession, he calls violets *pilots*, and digs away at our luckless parterres as if he were literally ploughing the deep. If the wretch would only learn "to do his spiriting gently," it would be something; but as matters stand, we weebegone Mirandas are left to weep over lacerated hyacinths and uprooted geraniums, while our gardener coolly assures us, that "'t is well for us to get him, for there is n't a handier boy than himself in the whole place."

He is certainly useful in banishing insects from rose-trees; for only give him an unlimited supply of tobacco, and pay him good wages, and he will sit beneath your bower of roses, and smoke all day long with a laudable perseverance and tranquil repose worthy of one of our Turkish allies.

To return to our post-office. One day lately, a sailor, belonging to a man-of-war lying in the harbor, stepped in, and addressing our postmaster, asked:

"Do you know Bill Jenkins A.B. of the *Racer*?"

"Not I. Why do you ask?"

"Because I wanted to give you a letter to him," rejoined the sailor, producing an oddly folded epistle.

"Very well," said our functionary; "the letter will be sent to him; but you must put a stamp on it."

"How the —," responded the astonished seaman, "can you send a letter to Bill Jenkins unless you know him?"

"O, no matter; I can send the letter; but it will cost you a penny for a stamp."

"Stamp!" cried the sailor — "show me one."

A stamp was accordingly shown to him. The honest tar turned it round contemptuously between his finger and thumb, shook his head, and exclaimed:

"No! shiver me if I put Bill Jenkins off with a penny, for he has often spent a crown upon me. Havn't you anything handsomer than this?"

A twopenny-stamp was shown him.

"Well, this looks decenter; but havn't you got anything better?"

The postmaster produced a shilling-stamp, which Jack inspected with an expression of approval, saying: "All right. Put five of them on the letter. I'll never send Bill Jenkins less than five shillings' worth!"

So saying, he threw down two half-crowns on the counter, took up the five shilling-stamps, and stuck them on the letter, which he then threw into the box, with expressions of satisfaction at having spent a crown's worth on his old mate Bill Jenkins.

Owing to the before-mentioned scarcity of boys, the present Mercury who distributes our correspondence is a bright-eyed ragged urchin of ten, wholly innocent of the art of reading. Although carrying an official-looking bag, this receptacle is merely meant to give grace and dignity to his office; for if the letters were once consigned to its depths in a mingled heap, the process of abstracting any individual one required would be a very chance-medley affair indeed, considering that the majority of our servants, as well as our post-boy, might have been pre-Cadmusites for anything they know of the alphabetic mysteries. By an ingenious species of *memoria technica*, therefore, our postmistress puts the letters for our terrace into the dirty chubby right hand of her juvenile *attaché*, and those for another in his left; while my letters, belonging to a third division, come in his mouth. Many is the editorial epistle I have myself extricated from this canine species of conveyance, and, blessing the invention of envelopes, read the unscathed sheet of note-paper, while its cover bore the marks of Master Jerry Linchan's strong white young incisors.

As to the mistakes in the delivery of the letters, they are really past counting. In fact, getting our neighbors' letters every morning has come to be regarded as quite the normal state of things in our village, and receiving our own rather an exceptional oc-

currence, for which we are bound to be thankful, but which we are not by any means entitled to expect. A nervous gentleman amongst us was certainly rather startled one day by receiving a demand for funeral expenses from an eminent undertaker; and an aristocratic one, by inadvertently opening an epistle designed for a government contractor, beginning "My dear Henry [his own name], pigs are looking up," &c.

As order, however, out of chaos sprang, so good sometimes comes of all this confusion. There lives in our village, in a handsome detached house, a rich childless widow named Effingham. She was always a civil neighbor, kind to the poor, and liberal in her expenditure, yet somehow she was not very popular amongst us. People complained that they never got to know her any better than they did the first day they paid a visit in her nicely furnished drawing-room. She lived alone; and, although perfectly polite, she never seemed to manifest any interest in what was going on around. I believe the most intellectual, pious, or high-minded individual that ever breathed, if resident in a small village, can scarcely avoid having a tendency to small-talk about her neighbors' affairs, to curiosity about their sayings and doings—in short, to occasional indulgence in harmless gossip. Mrs. Effingham was therefore looked on amongst us as a sort of phenomenon, when it was found that she took no interest whatever in the incipient flirtation between our Crimean hero—of whom we are very proud, although he *did* obtain leave of absence on "urgent private affairs"—and Miss Ellard, our acknowledged belle. Once, indeed, when a runaway match—which, however, did not take place—was spoken of as likely to be the *dénouement* of an engagement between two penniless lovers, Mrs. Effingham was heard to sigh deeply and remark: "They are bad things; the happiness of many a family has been wrecked by a runaway match;" and then another sigh and a faint flush on the still handsome cheek, followed by a chill paleness. This rare evidence of emotion could not have been caused by any personal experience; for Mrs. Effingham, we all knew, was the childless widow of a rich and highly respectable merchant, whom she had married with the full approbation of every one concerned.

By degrees, however, the truth came out

—an old story! Her only sister had made a most imprudent clandestine marriage with a young ensign; and Mrs. Effingham, in her first access of indignation, had made a vow never to see her sister or inquire about her again. Time rolled on, and the newspapers brought Mrs. Effingham, whether she would or not, intelligence of the delinquent. First appeared among the births in the army in India the arrival of a niece. The next mail brought an account of the mother's death; and a few months after came a like announcement respecting the young husband. He died of jungle-fever, when on the eve of promotion. Often, in spite of herself, did Mrs. Effingham's heart turn to the little orphan, left desolate in a foreign land, and now the only surviving member of her near kindred. Yet it was only by chance she learned that a kind stranger, the childless wife of a captain in its father's regiment, had taken the little creature to her home and heart, and was bringing it up as her own.

Years passed on. The girl, if alive, must be nearly twenty; and often in the silence of night, or in the cheerful sunshine, when we were commenting on Mrs. Effingham's cold, absent, indifferent manner, was the sore self-stricken heart of the gray-haired woman yearning for the sound of a kindred voice, for the touch of a kindred hand.

She made diligent inquiries? but they were fruitless: Captain Ellis and his wife were both dead; and what had become of their adopted daughter no one could tell.

It happened one morning that our post-mistress was sorely puzzled by the arrival of a letter legibly directed to "Miss Greenham."

"Where on the face of the earth can she be stopping?" was Mrs. Callaghan's despairing inquiry. "I'm sure I know the name of every one living or visiting in the whole place, and the never a Greenham, nor anything like it, is there in it. Here, Jerry," she continued—"take this letter, and ax every where for somebody to own it. You're learning to read very fast, I'll say that for you; and here's the name *Greenham* plain enough. I'll put it in the bottom of the bag, and you'll be sure to find it."

Away trudged Jerry on his mission, and delivered our correspondence after his usual fashion, not failing to ask at every house; "was there one Miss Greenham stopping there?" The reply was always in the neg-

ative, and Jerry was almost at his wits' end, when a bright thought suddenly struck him. Mrs. Effingham received very few letters, and consequently seldom came into contact with our young postman. As he was now, however, passing her door, he turned into her pleasant violet-scented little garden, and, his hands being at liberty, he gave a very tolerable imitation of an official knock at the hall-door. The grave, neat parlormaid appeared.

"Ax the mistress could I see her for a minnit," quoth Master Jerry.

"What do you want? I can give her any message."

"Oh, 'tis herself I must see, about something very particklar," was the rejoinder of our pertinacious postboy.

And the damsel at length consented to summon her mistress, who came in a state of considerable wonder to learn what Master Linchan's "particklar business" could be.

"Would your honor be after seeing if this letther is for you?" said Jerry with his best bow, handing the unfortunate epistle to the lady.

"No, my boy; certainly it is not. My name is Mrs. Effingham, and this letter is quite plainly directed to Miss Greenham."

"Oh, but, ma'am, good luck to you, and open it, and try if 'tis for you, for my heart's broken carrying it about everywhere, and no one will take it from me."

"But I can't open it: it is not for me." And the lady, turning away decidedly, was entering the parlor, when Jerry exclaimed; "Ah, thin, ma'am, who else would it be for, if it isn't for you! sure it ends in *h, a, m, ham*—all as one as your own name. *Effingham, Greenham*—" 't is mighty little differ there's between 'em, I'm thinking."*

Master Linchan's system of orthographical mutation certainly rivalled in bold originality that of any modern philologist. His rhetoric, it would seem, was not without effect; for Mrs. Effingham (she afterwards said she could not account for the impulse which led her to do so) at length consented to open the letter.

A strange effect the reading of the first few lines produced on her—her face grew deadly pale, her lip quivered, and hastily desiring the boy to wait, she went into the parlor and shut the door. In about a quar-

ter of an hour, she came out, her features wearing a softened expression, and the trace of many tears. Bidding the boy tell his mistress that "it was all right about the letter," she gave him a bright coin, and sent him away, the happiest of postboys.

That evening the village mail-bag went out freighted with a letter directed to "Miss Aylmer, care of Miss Greenham," &c.

By one of those accidents which are called improbable in novels, but which do occur in real life, Mrs. Effingham's niece was living in a village in the north of Ireland, which, bearing the same name as that of our southern one, frequently has its correspondence exchanged for ours. The girl, on the death of the friends who had adopted her, but who had nothing to bequeath, came over from India, and knowing no relative, save a poor and distant cousin of her father's, a Miss Greenham, residing in our northern namesake village, she naturally, in the first instance, took up her abode with her. The letter was one produced by an advertisement which the young lady had inserted in a Dublin news paper, offering her services as a governess. A correspondence, always directed under cover to Miss Greenham, ensued between the young Anglo-Indian and a lady of high respectability who wished to engage her. This letter, the third of the series, contained sufficient to identify Miss Aylmer as the relative for whose presence Mrs. Effingham had so long pined.

No governessing now—no going forth into the wide bleak world. In a few days, Miss Aylmer, accompanied by her friend, made her appearance in our village. A lively, gentle girl she was, so agreeable, that very few people ever thought of asking whether she was pretty. Under her auspices, her aunt's sometime melancholy mansion became filled with gayety, and the number of consequent tea-parties and picnics was quite wonderful for our quiet village.

"Ye see," said Jerry, when telling me the story confidentially for at least the tenth time—"ye see, ma'am, the good of the larning; for only that I knew that *h, a, m, spells ham*, that letther would still have been going a *shaughraun*,* and that purty young lady would n't be to the fore, and I'd be without the fine new cloth-jacket and corde-roys that the ould mistress promised me agen next Sunday."

* Anglice, "wandering about."

* This dialogue, with a slight change in the initial syllables of one of the proper names, is given *verbatim*.

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It is recorded of Dr. Johnson, that on receiving a letter a day or two before his death, he said: "An odd thought strikes me—we shall receive no letters in the grave." Now, without venturing to affirm that our post-office is a means of transmitting epistles to the "silent land," it certainly would appear to be now and then the medium of conveying letters from the dead to the living; in proof of which assertion I will copy, *verbatim et literatim*, a missive received by a gentleman in our village:

"MR DALLICO. PARSON.

DEAR SIR I take the opportunity of writing those lines to you hoping that you would bestow some charity towards burying her as it is the last Request now and forever and She died Thursday the 18th Inst and She have no one to bury her unless yer assistance towards it and her dependance is always on your Revce to do it for her and it is an act of Charity besides a reward from God Amen.

I remain

your very dutiful & obt Sert

ELLEN AHERNE dead." *

The next document I shall cite in honor of our post-office is the following Latin epistle from one of a class of men now almost extinct in Ireland. Indeed, for aught I know, this may be the production of the Last of the Hedge-schoolmasters:

"REVERENTISSEMO JOHANNES MUR
Strawberunsisaula. -PHY

"Per tot various casus per tot discrimina rerum tendimus in Latium

"Viginti quintos Aprilensis octo decem quenquagesima, sed roga veniam tibi quia papyrus non satus est scribere tibi quia pecunia deaest Mihi

"REVERENTISSEMO DOMINE

"Ego sum egrotus valde et fortasse alimentum deaest mihi saepe quia inopia multa est ut ego sum pauper et non habeo pecuniam potiore harum rerum vel potiore aliquantum semenienis pomarum terrestriarum quia hortum sera est enopia semene ideo spero dabes saturo parvum auxilium potiore harum rerum —

et ego sum fidus servus tuus

"DANULUS CALLANAN
Hualkunsis"

The next is addressed by a rural genius of another kind to two clerical gentlemen. The verses, I flatter myself, are quite as good in their way as those of the English street-balladists immortalized in our last number; but the poet, I fear, is no honester than he

should be, inasmuch as, being a bigoted Roman Catholic, it is unlikely that his praise of a Protestant church and its parsons can proceed from any motive better than the hope of filthy lucre:

"LINES ON THE NEW CHURCH OF KINNEIGH—
ADDRESSED TO THE REV. GODFREY C. SMYTH
AND THE REV. FRANCIS HOPKINS.

One Morning fair mild & serene
I reached the heights of Ardkilleen
I viewed the new-built Church at Kinneigh
Staple

A Brilliant shield for God's own people
A lovely youth of freedom's home
Laid the first foundation stone
That Angels wings may him protect
And long may live the Architect—
An ancient structure * by it stands
Posterity say its built by Fairy hands
Majestic, tall, perfect and Strait
I know not its birth or yet its date.

THE CHURCH.

In it the sinner finds relief
So it was with the penitent Thief
Our holy Lord spoke mild and nice
Saying this day you 'll be in Paradise
A splendid flock on Sunday shine
Accompanied by their good Divine
His holy steps they do pursue
Until he leads them to the Pae.
The holy Scriptures he does Unfold
As precious as pure links of Gold
The world all they must admit
That it is the Revd Mr Smyth.
In it you 'll find the Holy Bible
Seek and find do not be idle—
Let any honest Protestant
Consider this a Covenant—
In the Gospel it is spoken
Knock at the door and it will open.
Its Gothic Arch and massy walls
Do far exceed the Great St Paul's
A splendid roof of Noble Oak
With which brave Noah built the Ark
The spire top salute the sky
And the whistling winds it do defy.
Right overhangs the Ravens nest
And from the storms is at Rest
The Curate is good Mr Hopkins
Who feeds his flock & soothes their Lambkins
He is of the race of Noble Lords
And in Heaven I hope will get reward
A lovely Cottage stands hard by
That does arrest the Travellers eye
The little Warblers round it sing
All praising God their potent king
The fleeted Hare, the Fox and Hound
Are started at the Huntsmans sound
All passes thro' that spacious Lawn
Accompanied by the active Fawn
The Weak, The Lame The Blind the Poor
Are often found at the Hall door
That it may stand for many an age
Which terminates my little Page

* We have seen the original of the above letter. — Ed.

* The Round Tower of Kinneigh.

Excuse Revd Sir, and do not blame
The honest Bard from Enniskeane.

JOHN CROWLEY."

One more curiosity of our post-office, and I have done: it is a genuine epistle, sent by an emigrant country schoolmaster to a friend at home:

"MR M CONNORS

"With congruous gratitude and decorum I accost to you this debonnaire communication. And announce to you with amicable Complacency that we continually enjoy competent laudable good health, thanks to our omnipotent Father for it. We are endowed with the momentous prerogatives of respectable operations of a supplement concuity of having a fine brave and gallant youthful daughter the pendicity ladies age is four months at this date, we denominated her Margaret Connolly.

"I have to respond to the Communication and accost and remit a Convoy revealing with your identity candour and sincerity. If your brother who had been pristinely located and stationed in England whether if he has induced himself with Ecstasy to be in preparation to progress with you. I am paid by the respectable potent loyal nobleman that I work for one dollar per day. Announce to

me in what Concuity the crops and the products of husbandry dignify, also predict how is Jno. Carroll and his wife and family. My brother and Myself are continually employed and occupied in similar work. Living and doing good. Dictate how Jno. Mahony wife and family is.

"Don't you permit oblivion to obstruct you from inserting this. Prognosticate how Mrs. Harrington is and if she accept my intelligence or any convoy from either of Her 2 progenies since their embarkation for this nation. If she has please specify with congruous and elysian gratitude with validity and veracity to my magnanimous self.

"I remit my respects to my former friends and acquaintances. I remain

"D. CONNOLLY.

"P. S. Direct your Epistle to Pembroke state of Maine.

"Dear brother-in-law

"I am determined and candidly arrive at Corolary, as I am fully resolved to transfer a sufficient portion of money to you to recompense your liabilities from thence to hence. I hope your similar operations will not impede any occurrence that might obstruct your progression on or at the specified time the 17 of March next."

FANS AND UMBRELLAS — PARASOLS. — Here will I mention a thing that, although perhaps it will seem but frivolous to divers readers that have already travelled in Italy, yet because unto many that neither have been there, nor ever intend to go thither while they live, it will be a mere novelty, I will not let it pass unmentioned. The first Italian fans that I saw in Italy did I observe in this space between Pizighiton and Cremona; but afterwards I observed them common in most places of Italy where I travelled. These fans both men and women of the country do carry, to cool themselves withal in the time of heat, by the often fanning of their faces. Most of them are very elegant and pretty things. For whereas the fan consisteth of a painted piece of paper and a little wooden handle; the paper which is fastened into the top, is on both sides most curiously adorned with excellent pictures, either of amorous things tending to dalliance, having some witty Italian verses or fine emblems written under them; or of some notable Italian city with a brief description thereof added thereunto. These fans are of a mean price; for a man may buy one of the fairest of them for so much money as countervaileth one English groat. Also many of them do carry other fine things of a far greater price, that will cost at the least a ducat, which they commonly call in the Italian tongue *umbrellæes*, that is, things

that minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching heat of the sun. These are made of leather, something answerable to the form of a little canopy, and hooped in the inside with diverse little wooden hoops that extend the *umbrella* in a pretty large compass. They are used especially by horsemen, who carry them in their hands when they ride, fastening the end of the handle upon one of their thighs; and they impart so long a shadow unto them, that it keepeth the heat of the sun from the upper parts of their bodies. — *Coryat's Crudities.*

CARE EVERYWHERE. — Look into the country fields, there you see toiling at the plow and scythe; look into the waters, there you see tugging at oars and cables; look into the city, there you see a throng of cares, and hear sorrowful complaints of bad times and decay of trade; look into studies, and there you see paleness and infirmities, and fixed eyes; look into the court, and there are defeated hopes, envyings, underminings, and tedious attendance: all things are full of labor, and labor is full of sorrow; and these two are inseparably joined with the miserable life of man. — *Timothy Rogers' Discourse concerning Trouble of Mind.*

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CHAPTER XII.

THE Sunday at Scamperley, I am sorry to say, was hardly observed with that degree of respect and strictness which is due to the one sacred day of the week. Very few people went to morning service, as indeed the late hours over-night kept most of us in our rooms till eleven or twelve o'clock, when we dawdled down to a breakfast that seemed to lengthen itself out till luncheon-time. To be sure, when the latter meal had been discussed, and we had marked our reverence for the day by a conversation in which we expressed our disapproval of the personal appearance, faults and foibles, and general character, of our friends, some of us would declare an intention of attending afternoon church, on which subject much discussion would arise, and the probability of the weather holding up would be volubly commented on: the church being situated about a quarter of a mile from the house, and the way to it through the park being so completely sheltered by evergreens, that to have got wet, save in a downright *pour* of rain, was next to impossible. At last we would get under weigh, the ladies mincing along with their magnificently-covered prayer books, affecting an air of unwilling decorum, the dandies carrying cloaks, shawls, and umbrellas for their respective goddesses, and following them, so to speak, under protest, as if there was "something" to be ashamed of in the whole proceeding. Lady Scapegrace always went early, and quite by herself; she sat apart, too, from her guests and relatives. Not so Sir Guy. It was his great delight to create as much noise and confusion as possible, that on his entrance the respectable yeomen and humble parishioners might be dazzled with his glory, and whisper one to another, "that be Sir Guy," as he marched to the front of his family pew in a blaze of wondrous apparel. It was natural that he should create a sensation, with his red face and gaudy-colored clothes, and huge dyed whiskers, and the eternal flower in his mouth, which was always on duty save when relieved by a cigar or a toothpick. Pew it could scarcely with propriety be called, inasmuch as it was more like a box at the opera than a seat in a place of worship. We entered by a staircase outside the church, with a private door of our own, passing through which we found ourselves in a very comfortable chamber, with a good many chairs, sofas, and a handsome bookcase, and a blazing fire. This again led to a smaller apartment, into which Sir Guy would swagger with much unnecessary noise and bustle. Throwing up a large window, he leaned over as it were from a husting, and behold! we were at church!

When the sermon was concluded, Sir Guy shut the window down again, and we took our departure, much edified, as may easily be imagined, by the lessons of meekness and humility which we had received in so becoming a manner. From church we invariably proceeded to the kennel, where a stout healthy-looking keeper paraded the baronet's pointers and setters for the inspection of the ladies. Here Sir Guy took entire possession of me once more.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," said he, as a great bull-headed black-and-white brute, surnamed Don, came blundering up, and tried to put his muddy paws on my dress. Sir Guy's affectation of "the paternal," and his odious way of calling one "my dear," provoked me intensely, and I gave Don such a crack over his double nose with my parasol, as broke the ivory handle of that instrument, and completely quelled all further demonstrations of affection from the uninteresting brute. Sir Guy was charmed.

"Hit him hard," said he, "he's got no friends. What a vixen it is! How she punished my near leader the other day. I love that girl!"

The latter sentence, he it observed, was spoken *sotto voce*, and required, as indeed it received, no reply.

"What interesting creatures!" exclaimed Miss Molasses, indicating an old pointer lady, who went swinging by with all the appearance of having lately brought up a large and thirsty family. "Do tell me, can that dog really catch a hare?"

The keeper's face was a study, he was apparently a humorous individual; but Miss Molasses addressed her remarks to Frank Lovell, and Frank, as in duty bound replied. That girl was evidently making up to him, and, thinking he was fond of field sports, pretended to take an interest in everything connected with those pursuits for his sake.

"Come and see the tame pheasants, Miss Coventry," said Sir Guy. I knew what this meant: I knew it would entail a *little-à-little* walk with my aversion, and I cast an imploring look at Frank, as much as to say, "do save me." He caught my meaning in an instant, and skillfully interposed. Of course, as he accompanied us, so did Miss Molasses, but Frank and I lingered a little behind the rest of the party, made a wrong turn in the shrubbery, and found ourselves, I never knew exactly how, taking a long walk all alone in the waning twilight. I don't know what Aunt Deborah would have said to such proceedings, and I am quite sure Lady Horsingham would have been unspeakably shocked, but these Sunday walks were the custom of the country at Scamperley, and after all it was not my doing, and consequently not

my fault. I wonder why it is that in the very convenient code of morality which the world has adopted for its private use, places and people should so completely alter facts. You may do things with impunity in London that would destroy the character of a Diana in the country; and again, certain rural practices, harmless, nay, even praiseworthy, when confined to a picturesque domain, if flourished before the eyes of the metropolis, would sink the performer to the lowest depth of social degradation. It is not what you *do* that matters one whit, but what the world *thinks* of your actions; and the gentlemen use a proverb which I have often heard in connection with certain racing enormities, that "One man may steal a horse, while another must not even *look at a halter*;" and if this be the case with that sex who arrogate to themselves the exclusive privilege of doing wrong, how much more does the adage hold good with us poor weak trampled-upon women? Lady Straitleace may do what she likes: she assumes a severe air in society, is strict with her children, and harsh with her servants. In all ranks of her acquaintance (of course below that of a countess) she visits the slightest dereliction from female propriety with unrelenting bitterness. Woe be to the trespasser—high or low—the weapon is always ready to probe, and gash, and lacerate; the lash is constantly raised, "swift to smite and never to spare." But who would venture to speak a word against the decorum of Lady Straitleace! If she goes out in the dark, 'tis to visit a sick friend; if she encourages young Antinous to be what ladies call continually "in her pocket," that is only in order to give the lad good advice, and keep him out of mischief; Major Ramrod is never out of the house, but what then? the visits of fifty Major Ramrods would not entitle the world to breathe a whisper against a person of such strict propriety as Lady Straitleace. But how that same forbearing world indemnifies itself on poor Mrs. Peony! It is never tired of shrugging its worldly shoulders and raising its worldly hands and eyebrows at the sayings and doings of unfortunate Mrs. Peony.

"Did you hear of her going to the bachelor's ball with three gentlemen, in a fly? (nobody thinks it worth while to specify that the three Lotharios consisted of her grandfather, her husband, and her nephew.) Did you see her dropper bracelet to make young Stiffneck pick it up? Do you know that she takes morning walks with Colonel Chanticleer, and evening strols with Bob Bubbul? She chatters, she laughs, she flirts, she makes eyes; she's bad style, she's an odious woman; 'pon my word I don't know whether mamma will go on visiting her!"

And why should the world make this dead set at poor Mrs. Peony? Let us recapitulate her crimes. She is good-looking, soft-hearted, and unaffected; she laughs when she is pleased, and cries when she is touched. She is altogether frank, and natural, and womanly. Can these be good reasons for running her down? Heaven knows! but run down she is, just as hypocritical Lady Straitleace is cried up. Well, we must take things as they are, and make the best of them. So Frank and I walked through the pleasant fields in the darkening twilight, and I for one enjoyed it excessively, and was quite sorry when a great bell sounding from the house warned us that it was time to return, and that our absence would too surely be the subject of remark should we linger out of doors any longer. I never knew Frank so agreeable; on every topic he was brilliant, and lively, and amusing. Only once, in some casual remark about the future, there was a shade of melancholy in his tone, more like what he used to be formerly. Somehow, I don't think I liked him so well in his best spirits; perhaps I was myself changed in the last few weeks. I used often to think so. At first, during that walk, I feared lest Frank should touch upon a topic which would have been far from unwelcome a short time ago. I soon saw he had not the slightest intention of doing so, and I confess I was immensely relieved. I had dreaded the possibility of my being obliged at last to give a decided answer—of having my own fate in my own hands, and feeling totally incapable of choosing for myself. But I might have spared my nerves all such misgivings—my cavalier never gave me an opportunity of even fancying myself in such a dilemma till just as we reached the house, when, espying Mrs. Lumley and Miss Molasses returning from *their* stroll, he started, colored up a little, like a guilty man, and acted as though he would have escaped their notice. I was provoked.

"Don't desert your colors, Captain Lovell," I said, in a firm voice, "Miss Molasses is looking for you, even now."

"Unfeeling," muttered Frank, biting his lip, and looking really annoyed; O, Miss Coventry! O, Kate! give me an opportunity of explaining all."

"Explain nothing," was my reply; "we understand each other perfectly. It is time for me to go in and dress."

So I marched into the house, and left him looking foolish—if Frank ever *could* look foolish—on the doorstep. As I hurried along the passages, I encountered Lady Scape grace.

"What's the matter, Kate?" said she, following me into my room; "you look as

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if something had happened. No bad news, I trust, from Aunt Deborah?"

I burst into tears. Kindness always overcomes me completely, and then I make a fool of myself.

"Nothing 's the matter," I sobbed out, "only I'm tired and nervous, Lady Scapegrace, and I want to dress."

My hostess slipped quietly out of the room, and presently returned with some *sal volatile* and water: she made me drink it every drop.

"I must have a talk to you, Kate," said she, "but not now; the dinner bell will ring in ten minutes;" and she, too, hurried away to perform her toilette.

As I get older, I take to moralizing, and I am afraid I waste a good deal of valuable time in speculating on the thoughts, ideas, and, so to speak, the inner life of my neighbors. It is curious to observe a large well-dressed party seated at dinner, all apparently frank and open as the day, full of fun and good humor, saying whatever comes uppermost, and to all outward seeming laying bare every crevice and cranny of their hearts, and then to reflect that each one of the throng has a separate life, entirely distinct from that which he or she parades before the public, cherished perhaps with a miser's care, or endured with a martyr's fortitude. Sir Guy, sitting at the bottom of his table, drinking rather more wine than usual, perhaps because it was Sunday, and the enforced decencies of the day had somewhat damped his spirits, looked a jovial, thoughtless, merry country gentleman, somewhat slang, it may be, not to say vulgar, but still open-hearted, joyous, and hospitable. Was there no skeleton in Sir Guy's mental cupboard? Were there no phantoms that *would* rise up like Banquo's ghost, to their seat, unbidden, at his board? While he smacked his great lips over those bumpers of dark red Burgundy, had he quite forgotten the days of old? the friends he had pledged and made fools of? the kind hearts he had loved and betrayed? Did he ever think of Damocles and the hanging sword? Could he summon courage to look into the future, or fortitude even to *think* of the past? Sir Guy's was a strong, healthy, sensuous nature, in which the physical far outweighed the intellectual, and yet I verily believe his conscience sometimes nearly drove him mad. Then there was my lady, sitting at the top of her table, the very picture of a courteous, affable, well-bred hostess. Perhaps, if anything, a little too placid and immovable in her outward demeanor. Who would have guessed at the wild and stormy passions that could rage beneath so calm a surface? Who would suppose that stately, reserved, majestic-looking

woman had the recklessness of a brigand and the caprices of a child? A physiognomist might have marked the traces of strong feelings in her deepened eyes and the lines about her mouth; damages done by the hurricane, that years of calm can never repair; but there had been a page or two in Lady Scapegrace's life, that, with all his acuteness, would have astonished Lavater himself.

Then there was Miss Molasses, the pink of propriety and "what-would-mamma-say" young ladyism—cold as a statue, and, as old Chaucer says, "upright as a bolt," but all the time over head-and-ears in love with Frank Lovell, and ready to do anything he asked her at a moment's notice. There was Frank himself, gay and *débonnaire*. Outwardly the lightest-hearted man in the company, inwardly, I have reason to know, tormented with misgivings and stung by self-reproach. Playing a double game—attached to one woman and courting another, despising himself thoroughly the while; hemmed in by difficulties and loaded with debt, hampered by a bad book on "The Two Thousand," and playing hide-and-seek even now with the Jews, Frank's real existence was very different from the one he showed his friends. So with the rest of the party. Old Mrs. Molasses was bothered by her maid; Mr. Lumley puzzled by his beetles, his wife involved in a thousand schemes of mischief-making which kept her in perpetual hot water; all, even honest cousin John, were sedulously hiding their real thoughts from their companions: all were playing the game with counters, of which indeed they were lavish enough; but had you asked for a bit of sterling coin, fresh from the Mint, and stamped with the impress of truth, they would have buttoned their pockets closer than ever, ay, though you had been bankrupt and penniless, they would have seen you further first, and *then they would n't*.

So we flirted, and talked, and laughed, and adjourned to the drawing-room, where, after a proper interval, we were joined by the gentlemen, who in consideration of the day, consented for that one evening in the week to forego their usual games of chance or skill, such as whist, billiards, and cockamaroo. But the essential inanity of a fashionable party requires to be amused, so we sat round a large table, and played at "letters," sedulously "shuffling" the handsome ivory capitals as we gave each other long jaw-breaking words, the difficulties of which were much enhanced by their being usually misspelt, but which nevertheless formed a very appropriate vehicle for what the world calls "flirtation." I can always find out other people's words much quicker than my own, and whilst I was puzzling over "centi-

pede," and teasing Mrs. Lumley, who had given it me for the initial letter, I peeped over the shoulder of my next neighbor, Miss Molasses, and made out clearly enough the word she had just received from Frank Lovell: *she* would not have discovered it for a century, but I read it at a glance. I just *looked* at Frank, who blushed like a girl, took it back, vowing he had spelt it wrong, and gave her another. Did he think to throw dust in my eyes? There is a stage of mental suffering at which we grow unnaturally clear-sighted. I had arrived at it long ago. Watching every action of my neighbors, I had yet ears for all that was going on around. Sir Guy, occupying a position on the hearthrug, with his coat-tails over his arms, was haranguing the clergyman of the parish, a quiet, meek little man, who dined at Scamperley regularly on Sundays, and appeared frightened out of his wits. He was a man of education and intellect, a ripe scholar, a middling preacher, and a profound logician; but he was completely overpowered by coarse, ignorant, noisy Sir Guy.

"Driving — hey?" said the baronet; "we're all fond of driving, here, Mr. Waxy; there's a young lady who will teach you to handle the ribbons. Gad, she'd make the crop-eared mare step along. Have you got the old mare, still? devilish good old mare!"

No child of man is too learned, or too quiet, or too humble, to feel flattered at the praises of his horse. Mr. Waxy blushed a moist yellow as he replied —

"Very good of you to remember her, Sir Guy — docile and safe, and gentle withal, Sir Guy — but I don't drive her myself, Sir Guy," added Mr. Waxy, raising his hands deprecatingly, as who should say "Heaven forbid." "I don't drive myself, sir; no — no — my lad assumes the reins, and notwithstanding the potency of your Scamperley ale, Sir Guy, we manage to arrive pretty safe at our destination."

"Quite right, Mr. Waxy," vociferated Sir Guy. "Did I ever tell you what happened to me once, when I took it into my head to drive my own chariot home? Look ye here, sir, I'll tell ye how it was. I was unmarried then, Mr. Waxy, and as innocent as a babe, d'ye see? Well, sir, I'd been to a *battue* at my friend Rocketeer's and what with staying to dinner, and a ball and supper afterwards, it was very late before I started for Scamperley, and all the servants were drunk as a matter of course. Why, sir, when I came out of the house there was my carriage and horses standing in the line with some dozen others, and devil a soul to look after 'em. What should you have done, Mr. Waxy? sworn like a trooper, I'll warrant it!"

Mr. Waxy shook his head, with an air of mild deprecation.

"Well, sir," continued Sir Guy, "I'll tell you what I did. I jumped on the box, sir, before you could say Jack Robinson. I put on my own coachman's box-coat sir, and drove 'em home myself. Thinks I, I'll give them rascals a precious benefit; they'll have to walk every mile of the way — nine miles, and as dark as pitch, Mr. Waxy — as dark as pitch! Well, sir, I'd a London footman, who was a sharpish fellow, and used to dissipation in general; he heard the carriage drive off, and ran to catch it. I gave *him* a pretty good breather as I rattled down the avenue; the fellow puffed like a grampus when he got up behind, making no doubt it was all right, and he had n't been found out. The horses knew they were going home, and it was n't long before I pulled up at my own door. Down gets John, all officiousness and alacrity to make up for past enormities, and rings a peal that might waken the dead; directly he hears them beginning to unbar, he opens the carriage door, and looks in — no master! The day was just dawning. I shall never forget the fellow's face as he looked up, mistaking me, muffled as I was in my own livery, for his fellow servant.

"I always told you how it would be, Peter!" said he, turning up a face of drunken wisdom, "and now it's come to pass: the devil's been and took Sir Guy, at last, and if he's as wicious there as he's been here, it's a precious bad bargain for both of 'em!"

Poor Mr. Waxy was obliged to laugh, but he took his departure immediately, and of course directly there was a move the ladies went to bed.

"Come to my room, Kate," whispered Lady Scapegrace as we lighted our hand-candles; "you can go the short way through the boudoir; I want to speak a word with you."

CHAPTER XXII.

"KATE," said Lady Scapegrace, as she shut the door of her snug dressing-room, and wheeled an easy chair before the fire for my benefit — "Kate you're a foolish girl; it strikes me you are playing a dangerous game, and playing it all wrong, moreover. I can see more than you think. Do you know the difference between real diamonds and paste? Not you, you little goose! but you *shall*, if I can teach it you. Kate, have you ever heard me talked about? Did you ever hear any good of me?"

I was forced to answer both questions, the former in the affirmative, the latter in the negative.

"Do you believe I'm as bad as they give me credit for?" proceeded her ladyship.

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"No! no!" I replied, taking her hand and kissing it, for I really liked Lady Scapegrace. "Let them say what they will, I won't believe anything bad of you at all."

"I have had a strange life, Kate," said she, "and perhaps not quite fair play. Well, the worst is over now, at any rate. I don't much care how short the remainder may be. Kate, did you ever hear I was a murderer?"

"No! no!" I repeated, taking her hand once more, for I was shocked and half-frightened at the expression of her countenance. "I never heard anybody say more than that you were *odd*, and a flirt, and perhaps not very much attached to Sir Guy."

Lady Scapegrace shuddered. "I owe you a great deal, Kate Coventry," she resumed, "a great deal more than I can ever hope to repay. I consider that you once saved my life, but of that I make small account; you have done me a far greater kindness—you have interested me; you have made me fond of you; you have taught me to feel like a woman again. The least I can do in return is to watch you and warn you—to show you the rock on which I made shipwreck, and beseech you to avoid it. Kate, you've heard of my Cousin Latimer; would you like to see his picture?"

Lady Scapegrace rose, walked to a small cabinet, unlocked it, and produced a miniature, which she placed in my hands. If the painter had not flattered him, Cousin Latimer was indeed a handsome boy. There was genius on his wide, bold forehead, and resolution in his firm, well-cut mouth; his long dark eyes betrayed strong passions and keen intelligence, whilst high birth was stamped on his fine features and chivalrous expression of countenance. Poor Cousin Latimer!

"Look at that, Kate," said Lady Scapegrace, in low chilling tones; "the last time I saw him that was his very image. Thank God, I never beheld him when those kind features were cold and rigid—that white neck gashed by his own hand! O! Kate, 't is a sad story. I have not mentioned it for twenty years, but it's a relief to talk of it now. Surely I was not altogether to blame; surely he might have given me time; he need not have been so hasty—so desperate. Listen, Kate. I was one of a large family of girls. All my sisters were beautiful, all were vain of their charms. As I grew up, I heard nothing talked about but conquests, and lovers, and captivity. I thought to dazzle and enslave the opposite sex was the noblest aim of woman. Latimer was brought up with us; we called him 'cousin,' though he was in reality a very distant connection. Poor boy! day by day

I could see he was growing more and more attached to me. Latimer always brought me the earliest roses. Latimer would walk miles by the side of my pony. Latimer helped me with my drawing, and did my commissions, and turned the leaves when I played on the pianoforte, and hung over the instrument when I sang. In short, Latimer was my slave, body and soul; and the consequence was, Kate, that I cared very little for him. My sisters, to be sure, joked me about my conquest; and I felt, I confess, a proper pride in owning a lover, like the rest, but of real affection for him I had then very little; and I often think, my dear, that we women seldom value devotion such as his till too late. I was not old enough to think seriously of marriage, but Latimer was convinced I should become his wife, and, poor fellow! made all his arrangements and schemes for the future under this idea, with a forethought scarcely to be expected from one so young.

"Well, years crept on, and I 'came out,' as you young ladies call it, and was presented at court, and went to balls, and began to make the most of my time, and enjoy life after the manner of my kind. Of course, I was no wiser than my elders. I danced, and smiled, and flirted as I had seen my sisters do, and the more partners I could refuse the better I was pleased. One day Cousin Latimer came to me, and spoke out honestly and explicitly. He told me of all his hopes, his misgivings, his future as I had the power to make it, and his love. I was pleased and flattered. I felt that I liked Cousin Latimer better than any one in the world, but there were two things I liked even better than Cousin Latimer: these were power and admiration. Of the former I never could obtain as much as I coveted; of the latter I determined to take my fill. We were that night to have a grand ball in the house, and were much occupied with decorating the rooms, and other preparations, such as we girls delighted in. I put off Latimer with half-promises and vague assurances, which sent him away more in love with me than ever. I was to dance the first quadrille with him. It was an engagement of at least a month's standing, and he had rather wearied me by too often reminding me of it. There was a regiment of hussars quartered in our neighborhood, and we were well acquainted with most of these officers. The more so, as one of my sisters was engaged to be married to the major, who, by the way, ran away from her a year afterwards. One of these officers, a captain in the regiment, was an especial flirt of mine; he was a good-looking, agreeable man, and a beautiful waltzer. I recollect the night as well as if it was yes-

terday: the officers arriving in their uniforms—my father standing behind us, proclaiming aloud his pride in his six handsome daughters—Cousin Latimer claiming my hand for the first dance, and my refusal, notwithstanding my long promise, on the plea that I was engaged to Captain Normanton. Poor boy! I can see his pained, eager face now. 'You do what you like with me,' he said; 'but you *must* dance the next.' I laughed, and promised. Captain Normanton was very agreeable; he was the most dashing-looking man in the room, and I liked the vanity of parading him about in his uniform, and showing my sisters and others the power I had over Cousin Latimer. Once more the latter claimed my promise, and once more I threw him over. I glanced triumphantly at him as he watched me from a corner, and the more he gazed, the more I acted *à* him, as if I was making violent love to my partner. Somehow, without looking, I saw every shade of Latimer's countenance. Once or twice I had compassion, but there was the excitement of vanity and novelty to lure me on. For the first time in my life, I knew how much it was possible for men to care for us, and I could not resist torturing my victim to the utmost. Fool that I was! Cousin Latimer came up to me once more. Though annoyed and hurt, he mustered a good-humored smile as he said, 'For the *third* and *last* time, will you dance with me?' 'But you don't waltz half as well as Captain Normanton,' I replied; 'I like *him* best;' and away I whirled again with the delighted hussar. The instant I had spoken, I felt I had gone too far. I would have given anything to unsay those foolish words, but it was too late. When I stopped, panting and breathless, after the dance, Cousin Latimer came quite close to me. I never saw a face so changed: he was deadly pale, and there was a sweet melancholy expression in his countenance, that contrasted strangely with the wild gleam in his eye. He spoke very low, almost softly, but in a voice I had never heard before. He only said 'God forgive you, dear!—you try me too much.' I never saw him again, Kate—never! When I heard what had happened, I was laid up for months with a brain fever; they cut all my hair off; they pinioned me; they did all that skill and science could do, and I recovered. Would to God that I had died! I do not think my head has ever been quite right since.

"Kate! Kate! would you have such feelings as mine? Should you like to live all your life haunted by one pale pace? Would you wish never to enjoy a strain of music, a gleam of sunshine, a single, simple, natural pleasure, because of the phantom. Be

warned, my dear, before it is too late. I tell you honestly, I never forgot him; I tell you, I never forgave myself. What did I care for any of them, except poor Alphonse? and I only liked Alphonse because he reminded me of the dead. Do you think I was not a reckless woman when I married Sir Guy? Do you think I have not been punished and humiliated enough? Heaven forbid, my dear, that your fate should resemble mine! I read your feelings far more plainly than you do yourself. You have a kind, generous, noble heart deeply attached to you: don't be a fool, as I was; don't throw him over for the sake of an empty-headed, flirting, good-for-nothing *roué*, who will forget you in a fortnight. Strong language, Kate, is it not? but think over what I have told you. Good night, dear. What would I give to yawn as honestly as you do, and to sleep sound once again, as I used to sleep when I was a girl!"

I took my candle, and kissed Lady Scapegrace affectionately as I thanked her, and wished her "good-night." It was already late, and my room was quite at the other end of the house. As I sped along, devoutly trusting I should not meet any of the gentlemen on their way to bed, I spied a figure advancing towards me from the end of a long corridor. It was attired in a flowing dressing-gown of crimson silk, with magnificent Turkish slippers, and carried a hand candlestick much off the perpendicular as it swayed up the passage in a somewhat devious course. When it caught sight of me it extended both its arms, regardless of the melted wax with which such a manœuvre bedaubed the wall, and prepared with many endearing and complimentary expressions to bar my further progress. The figure was no less a person than Sir Guy, half tipsy, proceeding from his dressing-room to bed. What to do, I knew not. I shuddered at the idea of meeting the baronet at such an hour, and in so excited a state. I loathed and hated him at all times, and I quite trembled now to face his odious compliments and impertinent *double-entendres*. My hunting experience, however, had given me a quick eye to see my way out of a difficulty, and espying a green-baize door on my right I rushed through it, and down a flight of stone steps that led I knew not where. Giving a view-holloa that must have startled every light sleeper in the house, Sir Guy followed close in my wake, dropping the silver candlestick with a most alarming clatter. I saw I had not the speed of him to any great extent, so I dodged into the first empty room I came to, and blowing out my light, resolved to lie there *perdue* till my pursuer had overruled the scent. The manœuvre answered admir-

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ably so far. I heard the enemy swearing volubly as he blundered along the passage, thinking I was still before him, and I now prepared to grope my way back in the dark to my own room. But I had not escaped yet. To my infinite dismay, I heard the voices of gentlemen wishing each other the usual "good-night, old fellow," and proceeding along the passage from the direction of the smoking room. Horror of horrors! a light approached the door of the very room in which I had taken refuge: in another second he would enter—the man would find me in his room. He stopped a moment on the threshold to fire a parting jest at his companions, and the light from his candle showed me my only chance. A covered shower-bath stood in the corner of the apartment, and into that shower-bath I jumped, closing the curtains all around me, but, as may be easily believed taking particular care not to pull the string.

Scarcely was I fairly ensconced, before Frank Lovell made his appearance, and I saw at once, through a hole in the curtains, that he was the lawful occupier and possessor of the apartment. Here was a predicament indeed! If the emergency had not been so desperate, I must have fainted, "Good gracious," I thought, "if he should lock the door!" Frank, however, seemed to have no such intention; I believe this is a precaution gentlemen seldom adopt. On the contrary, he proceeded to make himself thoroughly at home. Lighting his candles, he leisurely divested himself of his coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, enfolded his person in a large loose dressing-gown, leaned his head on both hands, and gave a deep sigh. Apparently much relieved by this process, he took up his hair-brushes, and after a good refreshing turn at his locks and whiskers, and a muttered compliment to his own reflection in the glass, that sounded very like "You fool?" he unlocked a small writing-case, and producing from it a little bundle of letters tied up with pink ribbon, selected them one by one, and read them over from beginning to end, kissing each with devout fervor as he replaced it carefully in its envelope. I would have given a great deal to know who they were from; their perusal seemed to afford him mingled satisfaction and annoyance; but he sighed heavily again, and I saw he had a long lock of hair in his fingers, which he gazed at till the tears stood in his eyes. He kissed it, the traitor! and fondled it, and spoke to it, and clasped it to his heart (men are just as great fools as we are). Whose could it be? not mine, certainly, for I never gave him such a thing; Miss Molasses? no: hers was black, and rather coarse, this was a silky chesnut. Could

it have belonged to Mrs. Lumley? hers was very much the color, and I often thought Frank rather *épris* with her. Nonsense! that lively lady had not an atom of sentiment in her composition, she would just as soon have thought of working him a counterpane! I was so interested in my discoveries, that I forgot altogether my own critical position, the impracticability of escape till Frank had gone to sleep, the chance of arousing him as I went out, or, more alarming still, the awful possibility of his lying awake all night. When morning dawned, concealment could no longer be preserved, and what to do then? I meditated a bold stroke. To rush from my hiding-place, blow out both the candles before my host had recovered his surprise, and then run for it. Thrice was I on the eve of this perilous enterprise. Thrice my courage failed me at the critical moment. The fourth time I think I should have gone, when a knock at the door arrested my attention, and Frank's "Come in," welcomed a visitor whose voice I well knew to be that of Cousin John. The plot began to thicken. It was impossible to get away now.

"Lovell," said John, in an unusually grave voice, "I told you I wanted to speak a word with you, and this is the only time I can make sure of finding you alone."

Frank was busy huddling his treasures back into the writing-case.

"Drive on, old fellow," said he, "there's lots of time; it's not two o'clock yet."

"Lovell," proceeded John, "you are an old friend of mine, and I have a great regard for you, but I have a duty to perform, and I must go through with it. Point-blank, on your honor as a gentleman, I ask you, *are you or are you not engaged to be married to Miss Molasses?*"

Frank colored, hesitated, looked confused, and then got angry.

"No intimacy can give you a right to ask such a question," he replied, talking very fast and excitedly; "you take an unwarrantable liberty, both with her and me. Who told you I was going to be married at all? or what business is it of yours whether I am married or not?"

John began to get heated, too, but he looked very determined.

"I am sorry you should take it thus, he replied, "for you force me to come at once to the point. As the nearest relation and natural guardian of my cousin, Miss Coventry, I must ask you your intention with regard to that young lady. I have often remarked you paid her great attention, but it was not till to-day that I heard your name coupled with hers, and a doubt expressed as to which of the ladies I have mentioned you meant to honor with your preference. I

don't want to quarrel with you, Frank," added John, softening, "I don't want to mistrust your good feelings or your honor. Perhaps you don't know her as well as I do; perhaps you can't appreciate her value like me. Many men would give away their lives for her, would think no sacrifice too dear at which to purchase her regard. Believe me, Frank, she's worth anything; if you have proposed to her, as I have reason to think you must have done, confide in me; I will smooth all difficulties; I will arrange everything for you both. God knows, I love her better than anything on earth; but *her* happiness is my first consideration, and if she likes you, Frank, she shall marry you."

Captain Lovell seemed to be of a different opinion. He bit his lip, looking angry and annoyed.

"You go too fast, Mr. Jones," he replied, very stiffly; "I have never given the young lady you mention an opportunity of either accepting or refusing me. If ever *I am* fool enough to marry, I shall take the liberty of selecting my own wife, without consulting your taste; and I really cannot undertake to wed every lively young lady that condescends to flirt with me, merely *pour passer le temps*."

John's face grew dark with anger. How noble he looked as he squared his fine figure and reared his gallant head, standing erect before his enemy, and scanning him from top to toe. He was very quiet, too; he only said:

"Captain Lovell, I claim a brother's right to protect Miss Coventry's reputation, and as a brother I demand reparation for the wrong you have done her; need I say any more?"

"Not another syllable," replied Frank Lovell, carelessly. "Whenever you like, only the sooner the better. Popham always acts for me on these occasions; he don't go away till to-morrow afternoon, so I refer you to him. I'm getting sleepy now, Mr. Jones. I wish you a good night."

Cousin John took up his candle and retired. Never in my life had I been in such a position as this. That there would be a duel, I had not the slightest shadow of doubt—and all for my sake. That my gallant, generous, true-hearted cousin should have behaved so nobly, so unselfishly, did not surprise me, but that he should be sacrificed to his devoted fidelity—I could not bear to think of it for a moment! How I loved him now! How I wondered that I could ever have compared the two for an instant. How I resolved to make him full amends, and, come what might, to frustrate this projected duel. But what could I do? In the first place how was I to get out of the room? My situation was so embarrassing, and at the same time so

ridiculous, that I could with difficulty resist a hysterical inclination to laugh. Here I was, at all events, a close prisoner till Captain Lovell should go to bed, and he seemed to have no idea of that rational proceeding, though it was now past three o'clock. He walked about the room, whistling softly. Once he came so near my hiding-place that I felt his breath on my cheek. "Good heavens," thought I, "if he should take it into his head to have a shower-bath now to brace his nerves!" At last he walked to a drawer, selected a cigar, lit it, and throwing open the window, proceeded deliberately to get out. I almost hoped he would break his neck! but I conclude there was a ledge or balcony of some sort to sustain him, and that he was accustomed to a nightly cigar in that position. Here was a chance not to be lost! I bolted out of the shower-bath; I popped the extinguisher on one candle, and blew the other out at the same instant. I heard the smoker's exclamation of astonishment, but heeded it not. I rushed through the door. I flew along the dark passages, breathless and trembling; at last I reached my own room, more by instinct, I believe, than any other faculty, and having locked the door, and struck a light, sat me down in a state of immense confusion and bewilderment, to think what I should do next.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Who was there to whom I could apply? Sir Guy, of course, was out of the question. Then, in an affair of such delicacy, I could not consult a *young man*; besides, these boys, I fancy are always for fighting, right or wrong. A woman was of no use, or I should have gone straight back to Lady Scapegrace. I pondered matters over and over again. I thought of every horror in the way of dueling I had ever heard of.

My own uncle was shot dead by a Frenchman, when attached to the army of occupation at Cambrai. It was a romantic story, and I had often heard the particulars from my godfather, General Grape, who officiated as his second. My uncle was a handsome, chivalrous youth, deeply attached to a countrywoman of his own, whose picture he wore constantly next his heart. Such a man was not likely to become compromised with another lady. It happened, however, that my uncle was quartered in the vicinity of a chateau belonging to a retired general of the Grand Army, who hated an Englishman as a matter of taste, and a British officer as a matter of duty. The French general had a charming daughter, and Rosalie, besides being *belle comme le jour*, was likewise what her acquaintance called *tant soit peu coquette*. So she made love to my uncle on every avail-

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able opportunity, and of course, because he did n't care for her two pins, set her faithless heart upon him, as a woman will. To make things simpler, she was herself engaged to a young marquis in the neighborhood. Well, my uncle, like a sensible man, did his best to keep clear of the whole thing, but he could not avoid meeting Rosalie occasionally in his walks, nor could he absolutely refuse to make her acquaintance, or refrain from perusing the letters she wrote to him, or, finally, prevent that forward young person from falling into his arms, and bursting into tears, with her head on his shoulder. The moment was, however, ill-chosen for so dramatic a scene, inasmuch as it occurred unfortunately under the very noses of her father and her *fiancé*, both of whom, unknown to the fair wanderer, had followed Rosalie, on purpose to find out where it was she walked day after day so perseveringly. My uncle had scarcely recovered his surprise at the first demonstration, ere he was staggered by the second,—" *Malheureuse!*" exclaimed the father; "*Perfide!*" groaned the lover. "*Traître!*" shouted the marquis; "*Lache!*" growled the general. My uncle turned from one to the other, completely at a nonplus, Rosalie in the meantime clinging to his breast, and imploring him passionately to save her! My uncle's waistcoat came undone—his real mistress' miniature dropped out; the sight added fuel to the fire of the belligerents. Nothing would satisfy them but his blood. In vain he protested, in vain he swore, in extremely bad French, that he had no *penchant* for Rosalie, had never made love to her in his life; in fact, rather disliked her than otherwise. The Frenchmen *sacredé*, and fumed, and stormed at him, and jostled him, till my uncle lost all patience, shook himself clear of Rosalie, who fell, fainting to the ground, knocked each of his adversaries down in turn, and walked home to his quarters, very much disgusted with the world in general, and the wilfulness of French young ladies in particular. Of course, he knew perfectly well it was not to end here. He sent for Grape, then a brother subaltern, and placed his honor in that officer's hands. No message came for two days, that interval having elapsed in consequence of a deadly quarrel between the marquis and the general as to who should take the thing up first. Grape firmly believes they decided the matter with small swords; another version is, that they played piquet for eight-and-forty hours to settle it—the best out of so many games. Be this how it may, the general appeared as the ostensible champion, and the marquis officiated as his *témoin*. Grape, as my uncle's second, chose

pistols for the weapons, and selected a retired piece of ground in a large garden, near the château, as the lists. I give the conclusion in his own words:

"Horsingham was as cool as a cucumber, and the only thing that seemed to annoy him was a possibility that the cause of his *rencontre* might be misrepresented to her he loved at home.

"'Tell her I was faithful to the last,' said he to me, as he squeezed my hand just before I put him up. 'Tell her, if I fall, that I never loved another; that my heart is pure and spotless as that white rose which I will wear upon it for her sake.'

"While he spoke, he plucked a white rose from a neighboring bush, and in spite of my remonstrances fixed it in the breast of his close-fitting dark coat.

"'What are you about, Charlie?' I urged. 'This is no time for romance; don't you know all these cursed Frenchmen are dead shots? You might as well chalk out a bull's-eye over the pit of your stomach!'

"He was a romantic, foolish fellow. I can see him now, drawing himself up, and looking like a knight of the olden time, with his brightening eye, and his smooth unruffled forehead.

"'Give her the White Rose,' he only said. 'She'll keep it when it's withered, perhaps. And tell her—I never wavered—never for an hour!'

"I knew too well how it would be. From the instant he came on the ground the old general never took his eye off his man. What an eye it was! cold and gray and leaden; half shut, like that of some wild animal, with a pupil that contracted visibly while I watched it. I knew my friend had no chance. I did all I could. As I had the privilege of placing the men, I stationed our adversary where he would have to look over his shoulder to see my signal, whilst my friend's face was turned towards me. They were to fire when I dropped my hat. I dropped it with a flourish. Alas! all was of no use. The general shot him right through the heart. I knew he would, and the bullet cut the stalk of the rose in two; smashed the lower part of the miniature, leaving only the face untouched, and poor Charlie Horsingham never spoke again. As we lifted him, and unbuttoned his waistcoat, the two Frenchmen gazed at the miniature with looks of anger and curiosity. Great was their astonishment to behold the portrait of another than Rosalie. The younger man was much affected; he groaned aloud, and covered his face with his hands. Not so the old general. '*Tenez,*' said he, wiping the barrel of his weapon on his glove, — '*c'est dom-*

mage ! je ne contais pas ladessus mais, que voulez-vous ? Peste ! ce n'est qu'un Anglais de moins."

This is the careless way with which men talk and think of human life; and here was my cousin about to go through the fearful ordeal, perhaps to be shot dead like poor Charles Horsingham. The more I thought of it, the more resolutely I determined to prevent it. I had never taken off my dinner dress — my candles were nearly burnt down — the clock struck five — in two hours it would be daylight. There was not a moment to lose. All at once a bright thought struck me. I would rouse good old Mr. Lumley. He was clever, sensible, and respected; he was likewise a man of honor and a gentleman. With all his infirmities, I had seen him show energy enough when he could do any good. I would go to him at once; and I left my room with the resolution that I, for one, would move heaven and earth ere a hair of Cousin John's precious head should be imperilled on my account.

I lit my candle, and tripped once more along the silent passages. I knew where Mrs. Lumley slept, and soon reached the door of her room; audible snores, bass and treble, attested, if not the good consciences, at least the sound digestions, of the inmates. I tapped loudly; no answer. Again I knocked till my knuckles smarted. A sleepy "Come in," was the reply to my summons. They probably thought it was the housemaid arrived to open the shutters. It was no time for false delicacy or diffidence, and I walked boldly into the apartment. By the light of the night lamp I beheld the happy pair. Of course I am not going to describe the lady's dress, but all I can say is, that if ever I am prevailed on to marry, and such a catastrophe is by no means impossible, I shall not permit my husband to disfigure himself at any hour by adopting such a costume as that of dear, kind, good old Mr. Lumley. A white cotton nightcap, coming well over the ears, and tied under the throat with a tape to match, surmounted by a high *bonnet-rouge* like an extinguisher, the entire headdress being further secured by a broad black ribbon, would make Plato himself look ridiculous; and a sleepy old face, with a small turn-up nose, and a rough, stubbly chin of unshaven gray, does not add to the beauty or the dignity of such a recumbent subject. However, what I wanted was Mr. Lumley, and Mr. Lumley I was forced to take as I could get him.

"What's o'clock?" he murmured, drowsily. "Come again to light the fire in half-an-hour."

"Why, it's Kate!" exclaimed his better half, rousing up, bright and warm, in a mo-

ment, like a child. "Goodness, Kate, what are you doing here?"

"Miss Coventry!" ejaculated her husband. "What is it? A perfect specimen of the common house-spider, I'll lay my life. What an energetic girl; — found it on her pillow, and lost not a moment in bringing it here. I'm eternally obliged to you. Where is it? — mind you don't injure the legs! — Pray don't stick a pin through the back!"

"Oh, Mr. Lumley," I sobbed out, "it's worse than a spider. Get up, please; there's going to be a duel, and I want you to stop it. Captain Lovell and Cousin — Cousin!"

I fairly broke down here, and burst into tears, but the kind old man understood me in an instant.

"Margery, my dear," he shouted, "get me up directly — there's not a moment to lose. Oh, these boys! these boys! young blood and absence of brains! If they would but devote their energies to science — don't distress yourself, my dear; I'll manage it all. Where does Captain Lovell sleep?"

"First door on the right when you get down the steps in the Bachelors' wing," I replied, unhesitatingly, much to the surprise of Mrs. Lumley. She would have known, too, if she had been shut up there for a couple of hours in a shower-bath.

"I'll go to him as soon as I'm dressed, promised Mr. Lumley. "I pledge you my honor he shan't fight till I give him leave. Go to bed, my dear, and leave everything in my hands. Don't cry, there's a good girl. By the way, the house-maids here are so infernally officious — you haven't seen a good specimen of the common house-spider anywhere about, have you?"

I assured the kind-hearted old naturalist I had not, and as he was already half out of bed, I took my departure, and sought my own couch, not to sleep, Heaven knows, but to toss, and turn, and tumble, and see horrid visions, waking as I was, and think of everything dreadful that might happen to my cousin, and confess to my own heart how I loved him now, and hated myself for having treated him as I had, and revel, as it were, in self-reproach and self-torture. It was broad daylight ere I fell into a sort of fitful doze, so out-wearied and over-excited was I, both in body and mind.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It is very disagreeable to face a large party with anything on your mind that you cannot help thinking must be known, or at least suspected, by your associates. When I came down to breakfast after a hasty and uncomfortable toilette, and found the greater portion of the guests assembled at that gossiping meal, I could not help fancying that

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every listless dandy and affected fine lady present was acquainted with my proceedings during the last twelve hours, and was laughing in his or her sleeve accordingly. I cast a rapid and frightened glance round the table, and to my infinite relief beheld Cousin John eating his egg as composedly as possible, whilst a re-assuring smile and pleasant "Good morning" from Mr. Lumley gave me to understand that his mediation had averted all fatal proceedings. The other guests ate and drank, and laughed and chattered much as usual, but still I could not help remarking on the face of each of them a subdued expression of intelligence, as though in possession of some charming bit of news or delightful morsel of scandal. Lady Scapegrace was the first to put me on a footing of equality with the rest.

"We have lost some of our party, Kate," said she, as she handed me my tea. "I confess I suspected it last year, in London. She is a most amiable girl, and will have a large fortune."

I looked at her ladyship as if I was dreaming.

"You needn't be so surprised, Kate," said she, laughing at my utter bewilderment; "don't you miss anybody? Look round the table."

Sure enough the Molasses party were absent, and there was no Frank Lovell. Then it was true, after all! He had sold himself to that lackadaisical young lady, and had been making a fool of me, Kate Coventry, the whole time. How angry I ought to have been! I was surprised to find I was *not*. On the contrary, my first feeling was one of inexpressible relief, as I thought there was now no earthly obstacle between myself and that kind face on the other side of the breakfast-table, though too soon a horrid tide of doubts and fears surged up, as I reflected on my own unworthiness and caprice. How I had undervalued that noble, generous character! How often I had wounded and annoyed him in sheer carelessness or petulance, and thought little of inflicting on him days of pain to afford myself the short and doubtful amusement of an hour's flirtation and folly! What if he should cast me off, now? What if he had obtained an insight into my character, which had cured him entirely of any regard he might previously have entertained for me? What if I should find that I had all my life been neglecting the gem which I was too ignorant to appreciate, and now when I knew its real value, and would give my life for it, it was beyond my grasp? At all events, I would never forget him. Come what might now, I would never care for another. I felt quite glad Frank Lovell was as good as married and out of the way.

The instant I had swallowed my breakfast, I put my bonnet on and rushed into the garden, for I felt as if fresh air was indispensable to my very existence. The first person I met amongst the flower-beds was dear old Mr. Lumley. He had hobbled out on his crutches purposely to give me an interview. I thanked him as if he had been my father, for all his kindness, and he talked to me gently and considerately, as a parent would to a child.

"I promised you, my dear, that they should not fight, and I think I have kept my word. Your cousin, Miss Coventry, is a noble fellow," said the old man, his benevolent features kindling into admiration; "but I had more difficulty with him than his antagonist. He would not be satisfied till Captain Lovell had assured him, on his honor, that you had yourself declined his advances in a manner which admitted of no misconstruction, and that then, and not till then, he considered himself free. You were right, my dear — I am an old man, and I take a great interest in you, so do not think me impertinent — you were right to have nothing to say to a *roué* and a gambler. I was not always the old cripple you are so forbearing with now. I lived in the world once, and saw a good deal of life and men. My experience has convinced me that selfishness is the bane of the generality of mankind, but that nowhere is it so thoroughly developed as in those who live, what people call, "by their wits," and enjoy all the luxuries and pleasures of life by dint of imposing on the world. I consider Frank Lovell, though we all vote him such a good fellow, one of that class; and I do not think he would have made a good husband to my young friend, Miss Coventry. Your cousin, my dear, is a character of another stamp altogether; and if, as I hear everybody say, he is really to be married to that Welsh girl, I think you will agree with me that she has got a prize such as falls to the lot of few."

Mr. Lumley was by this time out of breath, but I could not have answered him, to save my life. Like one of his own favorite house-spiders, I had been unconsciously spinning a web of delightful self-delusion, and here came the ruthless housemaid and swept it all away. How blind I must have been not to see it long ago. John might be very fond of pheasant-shooting, and I believe, when the game is plentiful and the thing well managed, that sport is fascinating enough; but people don't travel night and day into such a country as Wales, where there are no railroads, merely for the purpose of standing in a ride and knocking over a certain quantity of half-tame fowls. No, no; I ought to have seen it long ago; I had lost him now, and *now* I

knew his value when it was too late. Too late! — the knell that tolls over half the visions of life. Too late! the one bitter drop that poisons the whole cup of success. Too late! the golden fruit has long hung temptingly just above your grasp; you have labored, and striven, and persevered, and you seize it at last and press it to your thirsty lips. Dust and ashes are your reward; the fruit is still the same, but it is too late; your desire for it is gone, or your power of enjoying it has failed you at the very moment of fruition; all that remains to you is the keen pang of disappointment, or, worse still, the deadening apathy of disgust. I might have made John my slave a few short weeks ago, and *now* — it was too provoking, and for that Welsh girl, too! How I hated everything Welsh; not Ancient Pistol eating his enforced leek with its accompanying sauce, could have entertained a greater aversion for the Principality, than I did at that moment.

Presently we were joined by Lady Scapegrace. She, too, had got something pleasant to say to me.

"I told you so, Kate," she observed taking my arm, and leading me down one of those secluded walks, "I told you so, all along. Your friend, Captain Lovell, proposed to Miss Molasses yesterday. Don't blame him too much, Kate; if he's not married within three weeks, he'll be in the Bench — never mind how I know, but I *do* know. I think he has behaved infamously to you, I confess; but take comfort, my dear, you are not the first by a good many."

I put it to my impartial reader whether such a remark, though made with the kindest intentions, was not enough to drive any woman mad with spite. I broke away from Lady Scapegrace and rushed back into the house. We were to leave Scamperley that day by the afternoon train. Gertrude was already packing my things, but I was obliged to go to the drawing-room for some work I had left there, and in the drawing-room I found a whole bevy of ladies assembled over their different occupations. Women never spare each other, and I had to go through the ordeal, administered ruthlessly, and with a refinement of cruelty known only to ourselves. Even Mrs. Lumley, my own familiar friend, had no mercy.

"We ought to congratulate you, I conclude, Miss Coventry," said one.

"He's a relation of yours, is he not?" inquired another.

"Only a very great friend," laughed Mrs. Lumley, shaking her curls.

"It's a great marriage for him," some one else went on to say; "far better than he deserves. Poor thing! he'll lead her a sad life: he's a shocking flirt!"

Now, if there is one thing to my mind more contemptible than another, it is that male imposter whom ladies so charitably designate by the mild term, "a flirt." It is all fair for us to have our little harmless vanities and weaknesses. We are shamefully debarred from the nobler pursuits and avocations of life, so we may be excused for passing the time in such trivial manoeuvres as we can invent to excite the envy of our own, and triumph over the pride of the opposite sex. But that a man should lower himself to act the part of a slave, that he should pretend the humiliation of being "tied to an apron-string," and voluntarily be a fool, without being an honest one — it is too degrading! Such a despicable being does us an infinity of harm; he encourages us to display all the worst points of the female character — he cheats us of our due amount of homage from many a noble heart, and perhaps robs us of our own dignity and self-respect. Yet, such is the creature we encourage in our blind vanity, and whilst we vote him "so pleasant and agreeable," temper our commendation with the mild remonstrance, "though I'm afraid he's rather a flirt!" I saw the drawing-room on that morning was no place for me, so I folded my work, and curbing my tongue, which I own had a strong inclination to take its part in the war of words, I sought my own room, and found there, in addition to the litter and discomfort inseparable from the process of packing, a letter just arrived by the post. It was in Cousin Amelia's hand, and bore the Dangerfield postmark. "What now?" I thought, dreading to open it lest it might contain some fresh object of annoyance, some further inquiries or remarks calculated to irritate my already over-driven temper out of due bounds.

"Cousin Amelia never writes to me unless she has something unpleasant to say," was my mental observation, "and a very little more would fill the cup to overflowing. Whatever happens, I am determined not to cry — rather than face all those ladies with red eyes, when I go to wish Lady Scapegrace 'good-bye,' I would forego the pleasure of ever receiving a letter or hearing a bit of news again!"

So I popped Cousin Amelia's epistle into my desk without breaking the seal, and put on my bonnet at once, that I might be ready to start and not keep Cousin John waiting.

The leave-taking was got over more easily than I expected. People generally hustle one off in as great a hurry as the common decencies of society will admit of, in order to shorten as much as possible the unavoidable *gêne* of parting. Sir Guy, staunch to his

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colors, was to drive me back on the detested drag, but his great face fell several inches when I expressed my determination to perform the journey *this time inside*.

"I've bitted the team on purpose for you, Miss Kate," he exclaimed, with one of his usual oaths, "and now you throw me over at the last moment. Too bad; by all that's disappointing, it's too bad? Come now, think better of it, put on my box-coat, and catch hold of 'em, there's a good girl."

"*Inside*, or not at all, Sir Guy," was my answer, and I can be pretty determined, too, when I choose.

"Then perhaps your maid would like to come on the box," urged the baronet, who seemed to have set his heart on the enjoyment of some female society.

"Gertrude goes with me," I replied, stoutly, for I thought Cousin John looked pleased, and Sir Guy was at a nonplus.

"Awfully high temper," he muttered, as he took his reins and placed his foot on the roller-bolt; "I like 'em saucy, I own, but this girl's a regular vixen!"

Sir Guy was very much put out, and vented his annoyance on his off-wheeler, "double-thonging" that unfortunate animal most unmercifully the whole way to the station. He bade me farewell with a coldness and almost sulkiness quite foreign to his usual demeanor, and infinitely pleasanter to my feelings. Besides, I saw plainly that the more I fell in the baronet's good opinion, the higher I rose in that of my *chaperone*, and by the time John and I were fairly settled in a *coupé*, my cousin had got back to his old frank, cordial manner, and I took courage to break the seal of Cousin Amelia's letter, and peruse that interesting document, regardless of all the sarcasms and inuendos it might probably contain.

What a jumble of incongruities it was! Long stories about the weather, and the garden, and the farm, and all sorts of things which, no one knew better than I did, had no interest for my correspondent whatever. I remarked, however, throughout the whole composition, that "mamma's" sentiments and regulations were treated with an unusual degree of contempt, and the writer's own opinions asserted with a boldness and freedom I had never before observed in my strait-laced, hypocritical cousin. Mr. Haycock's name, too, was very frequently brought on the tapis—he seemed to have breakfasted with them, lunched with them, dined with them, walked, driven, played billiards with them, and, in short, to have taken up his residence almost entirely at Dangerfield. The postscript explained it all, and the postscript I give verbatim, as I read it aloud to Cousin John whilst we were whizzing along at the rate of forty miles an hour.

"P.S.—I am sure my dear Kate will give me joy. You cannot have forgotten a certain person calling this autumn at Dangerfield for a certain purpose, in which he did not seem clearly to know his own mind. Everything is now explained. My dear Herod (is it not a pretty Christian name?), my dear Herod is all that I can wish, and assures me that all along it was intended for me. The *happy day* is not yet fixed, but my dearest Kate may rest assured that I will not fail to give her the *earliest intelligence* on the *first opportunity*. Tell Mr. Jones I shall be married before him, after all."

The last sentence escaped my lips without my meaning it. Had I not come upon it unexpectedly, I think I should have kept it to myself. John blushed, and looked hurt. For a few minutes there was a disagreeable silence, which we both felt awkward. He was the first to break it.

"Kate," said he, "do you think I shall be married before Miss Horsingham?"

"How can I tell?" I replied, looking steadfastly out of the window, whilst my color rose and my heart beat rapidly.

"Do you believe that Welsh story, Kate?" proceeded my cousin.

I knew by his voice it *could n't* be true; I *felt* it was a slander, and I whispered, "No."

"One more question, Kate," urged Cousin John, in a thick, low voice; "Why did you refuse Frank Lovell?"

"He never proposed to me," I answered; "I never gave him an opportunity."

"Why not?" said my cousin.

"Because I liked some one else better," was my reply; and I think those few words settled the whole business.

I shall soon be five-and-twenty now, and on my birthday I am to be married. Aunt Deborah has got better ever since it has all been settled. Everybody seems pleased, and I am sure no one can be better pleased than I am. Only Lady Horsingham says "Kate will never settle." I think I know better: I think I shall make none the worse a wife because I can walk, and ride, and get up early, and stand all weathers, and love the simple, wholesome, natural pleasures of the country. John thinks so too, and that is all I need care about. I have such a charming *trousseau*, though I am ashamed to say I take very little pleasure in looking at it. But kind thoughtful Cousin John has presented Brilliant with an entirely new set of clothing, and I think my horse seems almost more delighted with his finery than his mistress is with hers. My cousin and I ride together every day. Dear me! how delightful it is to think that I shall always be as happy as I am now.

From The Tribune's Own Correspondent.

THE STATE OF EUROPE.

LONDON, Tuesday, May 20, 1856.

WHEN peace was concluded at Paris the public expected an epoch of undisturbed repose for the next future, much swindling and speculation on the Exchange, an apparent commercial prosperity, and, in spite of the Italian episode of the conferences, no stirring political incidents. The publication of the tripartite treaty of April 15 at once dispelled those dreams, and serious apprehensions are now entertained and new revolutions dreaded. The mystery about the real purpose of the treaty, as well as about its publication, is not yet solved, nor does it appear reconcilable with the steps taken in regard to the Italian question. The treaty was evidently intended to remain secret, as its purpose was to secure Austria against Russian revenge. Why, then, was it published, when the publication could not fail to unmask the real feelings of distrust entertained by the three contracting powers against Russia? Lord Palmerston says privately that the Russians got a hint of it, and under such circumstances it was more expedient to publish it. The Austrian official paper explains it away rather awkwardly, by saying that it was concluded, not from any distrust against Russia, but in view of the collapse of the Turkish empire, undermined as it is by the so-called reforms extorted from the Sultan by Lord Redcliffe. Napoleon remains silent, but has not yet had the treaty published in the *Moniteur*, and has revenged himself for Palmerston's indiscretion by making known the dissensions between Lord Raglan and the French Government in April, 1855. Poor Lord Raglan was until now excused for his military incapacity by his alleged amiability, which alone could maintain the good understanding between the two Allied camps. But now we are suddenly and unexpectedly informed that Napoleon sent orders to Canrobert for taking the field toward Sympheropol, leaving only a corps of observation before the besieged fortress, in April last year. The English Commander-in-Chief refused his co-operation; Canrobert had to resign his command, and the plan of the Emperor had to be given up on account of Lord Raglan's opposition, who soon afterward died; but the responsibility of the campaign still continued to rest upon the English. This official revelation of past facts, belonging altogether to history, but certainly very annoying to the English Government, shows sufficiently that the spirit of Napoleon is unfriendly to England. Thus the threads of the alliance are breaking one by one. In the meanwhile Count Cavour takes advantage of his position as champion

of Italy and defies Austria in his speeches in the Chambers at Turin, and goes even so far as to denounce the Austrian Concordat with the Pope. Unless he is certain of Anglo-French support, the attitude of Sardinia becomes ridiculous, nay dangerous; but if England and France are ready to support Sardinia, what becomes then of the triple alliance with Austria? Francis Joseph seems to feel uncomfortable, and accordingly is trying to renew the mutual-guarantee treaty with Prussia, which has lapsed by the conclusion of peace, but Prussia objects to manifest any distrust against France by an engagement with Austria during peace. The King of Naples and the Pope are astonished to see Austria joining England and France in the advice to reform their government and to make concessions; Belgium and Spain fear lest Napoleon may interfere in their internal concerns under the pretext of licentiousness of the Press; the Sultan cannot keep down the discontent sown by the Hat Hamayoun, both among Mussulmans and Christians; and the King of Greece speaks again of resigning the Crown since the presence of the occupying troops at his capital makes him contemptible to his subjects. Such is the condition of Europe at the present moment, two months after the conclusion of peace—dark clouds rising on all parts of the horizon, difficulties and complications growing out of the Conferences, while the prestige of the leading Powers is broken, and the throne of France is undermined by secret societies. Indeed, the prospects of the peace party are not very bright, but diplomats are having a great time. They are busy everywhere, acting, and spying, and making confusion worse confounded. The presentment of a crisis thrills through the heart of Europe. It is possible that I may be mistaken, but matters look certainly threatening all around. It is true that Napoleon seems to be less anxious about Italy than a fortnight ago, and his enemies suggest even, not without plausibility, that he only feigned a solicitude for Italy in order to silence the opposition of Piedmont and England toward his intended crusade against the Press in Belgium, Sardinia and Spain, and that having gained his point, he seeks to ally himself with Austria. Whatever may be at the bottom of his policy, so much is certain—that even his warmest English friends begin to say that he is an unsafe man, upon whose words not only Frenchmen but likewise foreign statesmen cannot rely. As to a pretended secret treaty beside the treaty of the 15th of April, it does not seem that any such document is in existence. Disraeli made yesterday a preliminary attack on the Government on account of the duplicity with

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which on one side it encourages Sardinia, while on the other it enters into an alliance with Austria; and he wound up his speech with denouncing "the intrigues of politicians who are not Italians, and who, for the sake of getting an impulse and support which otherwise they might not command, trifle with the fate of a great people, pander to the lust of secret societies, pretend to sympathy they do not feel, and, for the love of popular applause and a momentary success, compromise the destiny of a great and gifted nation." Lord Palmerston, writhing under such terrible accusation, tried to turn the indignation of the conservative orator into ridicule; and as everybody well knew that Disraeli is never in earnest about anything but his own accession to power, and that his eloquent outburst was altogether fictitious, without any real feeling for Italy, the noble Lord succeeded easily in effacing the impression of the speech of his adversary. Still the explanations about the tripartite treaty, and the relations with Sardinia, were so lame, so elaborately indefinite, and so easy to be interpreted both ways, that even the greatest admirers of the Liberal Premier could not fail to understand that neither Italy nor Austria can ever rely on him.

The dealings of the *Credit Mobilier* at Vienna have given rise to great indignation among the shareholders. The new commercial law for the Rhenish provinces in Prussia, sanctioned by the King in spite of the strong representations of the Rhinelanders, which were supported by the Prince of Russia, spreads dissatisfaction all along the left bank of the Rhine. Baron Brunow, who was destined to be Ambassador at Vienna, has presented his credentials at the Tuileries on an "extraordinary mission" from St. Petersburg, said to be connected with the tripartite treaty.

A. P. C.

From *The Economist*.

THE LINEN TRADE OF FRANCE.

The present material prosperity of France is undoubtedly great, but it scarcely equals her capabilities. She is in one respect in the condition of America when first opened to the industry of Europeans, with great undeveloped resources, while her people have great knowledge and skill. Between the capability of producing 12 more bushels of wheat from every acre of ground in a great country occupied, and the capability of producing 12 bushels from a great multitude of acres not yet occupied, there is no substantial difference, but what is in favor of the acres already occupied, already intersected by roads, and already provided in their immediate proximity with rich markets and all

the means of improvement. We are astonished, not that France is making such rapid progress, but that she is not making, and has not made for forty years, a more rapid progress. But the progress she has made, though so little in comparison to our progress and the progress of the United States, has been sufficient for the poor ambition of her successive rulers; and, satisfied with it, they have praised and maintained a system of protection which has arrested development. Worse still, they have attributed the little development which has taken place to protection, and accordingly propose to preserve it. With a soil not more than half cultivated, with a deplorable and increasing deficiency of cattle, with the worst iron instruments or tools of any nation of Western Europe, except in rare instances and in a few localities — the great inequalities in the condition of her different provinces being proofs of her backwardness — her rulers have diverted her industry and capital from cultivating her soil, to making tools, implements, and several species of clothing they could have bought with great advantage from other nations. In England protection was chiefly given to agriculture to its ruin; on the Continent the protection is rather given to manufactures keeping them backward, and there the people are taxed to pay some classes for supplying them badly with dear articles, just as they were taxed here to pay landowners and farmers to the same end.

This fact is well proved, we think, in some papers concerning the linen trade of France, recently published in the *Dundee Advertiser*. The Chamber of Commerce of that city has taken much pains to collect statistics of the trade, and from them it appears that in 1842 the duties on linens and yarns imported into France were raised, on unbleached yarns from 4½d. to 11d. per the 6lbs or No. 8; and on brown linens from 28s. 10d. to 64s. 2d. on 221 lbs, 8 threads of warp to 1-5th of an inch; and on all other descriptions of yarns and linens in proportion. The result of this change was that the value of the yarn and linens exported from England to France fell from £1,088,318 in 1841, to £630,332 in 1843, and to £113,064 in 1854. By this change, then, the French lost all the advantages they derived from trading with us for linen. The consumption was diminished, the price of the article raised, and capital and labor driven from the more needed and more profitable labor of cultivating the ground to making linen.

Of course the French, after a time, could pride themselves on being able to make more linen themselves. The spindles they employed to spin linen yarn increased from 57,000 in 1840 to 395,800 in 1853; but between

those years their agriculture was neglected; the means of improving and increasing cattle were not properly used; and in 1854 and 1855, consequently, they find themselves exposed to actual distress for want of food. The paternal Government, indeed, which unprofitably directed their labor to making linen, took it in hand to supply them with bread, employed to this end the public money, and taxed the whole community to feed the Parisians. It was obliged, also, to make regulations for keeping down the price of meat. Is it not clear that if the Government had not at one time encouraged unduly the manufacture of linen, &c., it would not have had at another to provide the people with bread? Both the supply of food and the supply of linen would have been obtained cheaply and well by the natural course of industry and trade, and the Government would have been spared an enormous deal of trouble, and France would have escaped many disasters.

Louis Philippe was the author of these almost prohibitory duties on foreign linen, and Louis Philippe lost his throne from the French being in want of food in 1846 and 1847. Every revolution in France can be traced up to the hunger of the multitude, and the policy of every successive ruler to the present has been to misdirect industry. They have never allowed it to be guided by the wants of the people, but by an artificial rule devised by ignorance. Louis Philippe, having a family alliance with Belgium, and pandering to the prejudices of certain classes to whom he looked for support, made a special treaty with it, by which linen yarns and linens were imported from Belgium into France for rather less than half the duties paid on English yarns and linens. This difference and distinction still continue, and the French Government therefore actually taxed and taxes its own people, by high duties on the linens of one State, to bestow rewards on the subjects of another State. As not unfrequently happens, the rewarded people are no longer particularly friendly, and France has found its greatest ally and its best friend in the people whose industry the duties, so unjust towards the French people, were intended to injure. Ever since 1842, the French Government has taxed its own people to give money to the linen manufacturers of Belgium. This is rather worse than suicide. It kills industry in France, and stifles it by kindness in Belgium. The natural course of trade between the two countries would rather be an exchange of cattle for corn, of iron and coals for wine; and obviously both would be benefitted by the abolition of prohibitory and differential duties.

We shall never cease to lament the fiscal

necessities which appear to require the retention of our enormous duties on wine, and never fail to use every exertion in our power to recommend their abduction or abolition. The little trade that exists between the civilized people of Europe in contrast to the great trade which exists between Europe and America, is a scandal to the Governments of Europe, and a thorough condemnation of the fiscal and commercial policy they have so long pursued. It would have strangled civilization, in fact, were civilization not the result of natural laws stronger than Governments. Of that ancient, well-meant, and so-called patriotic but injurious system, our enormous duty on wine is one of the worst remnants still left. But bad as it is, it is at least now equally directed against the produce of all our Southern neighbors. Cape wine and other colonial wine is still favored by a discriminating duty, but no discriminating duties like the duties on Belgian and English linens are now levied on the wines of France and of Portugal. The enacting of such a piece of folly, after it had been reprobated by every writer of authority in England and France, and generally repudiated by our statesmen, was reserved for the Monarch of France in 1842. We cannot wonder that he lost his throne. His much renowned sagacity was that of the pedlar who cheats his customers and destroys his own trade.

From The London Times, 2 June.

THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

THE Administration of Gen. Pierce has taken another step in that downward course to which it has resolutely addicted itself ever since its entrance upon official duties. As if the questions in dispute between England and the United States were not sufficiently embroiled already, the President has just decided on a measure, the effect of which must necessarily be to complicate relations already grievously entangled, and embitter feelings on both sides of the Atlantic, already needlessly and wantonly irritated. As the matter seems not to be perfectly understood, we will, in a very few words, state to our readers so much as may be necessary to enable them to appreciate the full significance of the untoward circumstance which has just occurred at Washington.

About six months ago, a band of adventurers from the United States, under the command of a freebooter, named Walker, invaded the republic of Nicaragua, with no claim or pretext that we are aware of, merely relying on the power of the sword, and the superiority of might to right. Success crowned their efforts; they overthrew the existing Government — by what acts of

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blood and treachery, it is not now necessary to state—and installed themselves, for a time at least, in the position of sovereigns of Nicaragua. But the neighboring States of Costa Rica and Guatemala became alarmed, and commenced an attack upon the American invaders; the success in which, according to the last accounts, had declared in their favor, and against the piratical occupiers of the country. Walker and his followers have appealed to force, and force seems on the point of deciding against them. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty binds the American and English Governments alike not to occupy any portion of Central America, and this doctrine has been applied by America with the most unrelenting precision to our proceedings. It was, therefore, impossible for the United States to take any direct share in Walker's invasion without a most flagrant breach of existing treaties—nay, they are bound, by every principle of international law, to prevent, by all means in their power, the sending of any support to those of their citizens who are disgracing the American name by deeds of blood and rapine worthy of the most condign punishment. More than this, they have been recently insisting, not only on the strictest observance of their neutrality laws, but on a respect for their sovereign rights, which obliges every nation in its conduct toward another to consider not merely what is legal, but what may be agreeable and acceptable. No nation ever had bound itself, by its own conduct and declarations, to more scrupulous and even punctilious reverence for the rights and feelings of others. The course of the American Government, therefore, would seem to have been exceedingly plain—to have left Walker and his followers to undergo the fate they so richly merited, and to take credit to themselves for the rigor with which they observed that neutrality, and respected that treaty, which they accuse us of violating and disregarding. Unfortunately, however, the elections are at hand. There is a class of voters whom nothing would so much conciliate as identifying the Government of the United States with an enterprise such as that of Walker and his associates. Between these two views the Government of Gen. Pierce has for some time balanced, but at last has taken and acted upon a resolution. The President has sent down to the Senate a message, in which he broadly professes the doctrine of recognizing a Government *de facto*, whatever its origin, and thus has no difficulty in concluding that the Government of Walker is entitled to this recognition. Consequently, though there is now residing in Washington a certain Mr. Marcoleta, representative of the late Government

of Nicaragua, who protests loudly against the proceeding, the President has received the ambassador sent by Walker, and thus recognized his Government as one with which the United States may enter into alliance, and one into whose service her citizens may enrol themselves without any violation of neutrality. The effect of such a step will, of course, be to send to the assistance of Walker and his associates hundreds of unquiet spirits from every part of the Union, and to involve the United States virtually, though not ostensibly, in war with Costa Rica and Guatemala.

The pretences on which this step has been taken are extremely flimsy and transparent. Walker's Government is for the moment in possession of power, and may therefore be called, by a straining of language, a Government *de facto*: but it is in imminent peril of being overthrown from day to day by the combination of neighboring States who are waging against it a war of extermination, and it occupies such a position that no impartial Government, willing to hold the scales evenly between it and the Government it has supplanted, could have dreamt of recognizing its existence as an independent State. It is only commencing the struggle which must be successfully terminated before it has a right to claim foreign recognition. But ought the United States to be impartial in this matter? The Government of Walker is founded by their own citizens in defiance of the laws of their country and in contempt of the treaties by which that country is bound. Such men have no right to any favor—no, not even toleration, from a government which understands its honor and its duty, and the Union would only be making a suitable reparation for the crimes of her citizens, did she employ her forces to suppress the banditti who have taken possession of a friendly and unoffending State. The recognition of such power is a melancholy proof of the state of political morality which could counsel such a step, and the impotence of considerations of right and justice to restrain the government of the great Transatlantic Republic from the most dangerous and unjustifiable courses.

At the same time, the real nature of this proceeding must not be misunderstood. It is an alarming manifestation of the ideas that actuate the American Government, and leads to most disagreeable anticipations as to the possibility of an amicable solution of any dispute with men who seem to recognize no other law than their wishes and their passions. But it is no case of war, it is not even necessarily a ground of diplomatic complaint. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty has not been in terms violated, and it may probably be expedient in the present critical state of

the relations between the two countries, rather to pass this matter by in silence than to incur the risk of introducing fresh difficulties into a discussion already sufficiently perilous, or give an excuse to those who are even now only too ready to seek an occasion of quarrel. If war do come we must meet it as we may. Let us, at any rate, have the satisfaction of reflecting that this greatest of human calamities has not been precipitated by any undue sensitiveness or any avoidable interference on our part.

From The London Times, 3 June.

THE yet more recent intelligence which we have received from the United States leaves us little reason to doubt that the Government of Gen. Pierce will not stop short in the career on which it has embarked, but will follow up the reception of the Minister of Gen. Walker by the dismissal of the Minister of Queen Victoria. It is vain any longer to delude ourselves with the hope that wiser and more moderate counsels will prevail with a Government which has thrown off all pretence of adherence to the rules that regulate the intercourse of nations, and feels no degradation in allying the interests of the great nation with whose destinies it is intrusted, to men exercising a trade which a few years ago any sanguine speculator on human progress would have pronounced to be an anachronism and an impossibility. The same electioneering necessities which make the representative of a band of lawless free-booters a fit guest and companion for the Chief Magistrate of a Christian and educated Republic have decreed that, in spite of our earnest wish to atone for the offence we have unintentionally given, and our abstinence from anything which could by any possibility aggravate the dispute, we must undergo the indignity of seeing our Minister dismissed from the diplomatic circle at Washington for offences supported by testimony on which we should never dream of convicting the basest of mankind. The Presidential election must be carried, at whatever price, and it is deemed by the present ministry better to plunge their Government into any amount of disgrace, and their country into any degree of danger, than to lose a single vote which may be gained by insolence to allies or union with criminals.

At this critical time nothing is more melancholy than the attitude of the American press; at least of that portion of it which we have seen. It is either afraid to speak out at all, or, in order to catch the first breath of popular favor, involves itself in the most flagrant and glaring contradictions. Thus we are told in *The New York Herald* that Walker's cause is desperate and certain

to succeed, and in two successive articles that England cares nothing for Central America, that she will be glad to be rid of it, that she has sold the Mosquitoes to Walker, and is chaffering with Honduras for the price of Ruatan, and that, true to her policy of aggression and violence, she is ready to fight to the death for these very possessions. One moment we have a blast of war, the next a song of peace; the President is first blamed, and then praised; now treated as a bold and successful statesman, now as a feeble and cowardly intriguer. We seek in vain for something on which to anchor our faith, something animated by a higher principle than that of the most momentary and grovelling expediency, and we seek in vain.

Still, even the dismissal of Mr. Crampton and the dismissal of Mr. Dallas, which must immediately succeed it, by no means imply a state of war, or even necessary preludes to that dire calamity. We may be at peace with America, though without any diplomatic representative; and, perhaps, at the point at which matters have arrived, the absence of an Ambassador may in some degree diminish the apprehension of danger. When one party is bent upon fixing a quarrel upon the other, the fewer points of contact they have the more likely is the desire of the more pacific party to be attained. The less they see of each other the less likely will the embers of smouldering discontent be to be fanned into a flame. Beside, with us time is of the very essence of the case. As war is threatened for electioneering objects, if the rupture is adjourned till the elections are over we are comparatively safe. The American papers anticipate that, after a meeting which was to take place on the 2d of June for the purpose of naming a candidate for the Presidency, the fever in the blood of the Washington Cabinet would begin to subside. At any rate, when the Presidential election is over, we may reasonably conclude that the urgent necessity which is felt for a quarrel with England will be over too, and the new incumbents of office will turn their attention to filling up places, rewarding friends, and punishing enemies, and leave us, if they have left us at peace so long, in undisturbed possession of the blessing of which they now seem so anxious to deprive us. Everything, therefore, combines to inculcate upon our government a temperate (we had almost said a temporizing) policy, which may give angry passions time to cool, selfish objects time to be realized, and popular good sense time to decide on the merits of the dispute.

We can assert our own dignity without peevish haste; nay, all the better that we do not feel driven to show an irritable or quarrelsome spirit. We must endure no insult;

but we must not be eager or anxious in endeavoring to discover offence, even where it may perhaps be intended. It well becomes us, as the elder, and certainly not the less powerful State, to be slow to believe that any Government can deliberately intend to seek a quarrel with us, and, even if satisfied that this is the case, to leave them up to the very last moment the most ample opportunity of re-consideration and retreat from a position hastily and unadvisedly taken up. The consciousness that we are equal to any encounter that may be forced upon us may well teach us patience and long suffering. Still it must be confessed, though recent events in the United States do not menace us with immediate war, and though a strong effort on behalf of their country made by those classes which take little interest in ordinary politics may perhaps still arrest the course of the Government, that each new account we receive shows more and more clearly the predominance of a spirit fatal to relations of permanent good-will and amity between the United States and any Government faithful to those principles and traditions of which England may not unreasonably boast to be the representative. We have to do with men who habitually subordinate foreign to domestic politics, and who have now finally deserted the safe and honorable course of trusting to internal growth and development to secure their greatness, and have embarked on the endless and restless career of territorial conquest and annexation. If we be so fortunate as to get over the present danger, we cannot, therefore, hope for a long respite. Some new nation may be found weak, disunited and tempting—some new combination of parties, which can only be secured by raising anew the war-cry against England, until at last, in some unhappy moment, the pretence so oft repeated will turn into grave earnest, and both nations will be condemned to weep in tears of blood—the one that she has advanced so far, the other that without dishonor she could recede no farther.

From The London Times, 4 June.

WE have received fresh intelligence from the United States as to the progress of Ministerial opinion and resolution with reference to this country, and we are sorry to find that the prospects of the settlement of the dispute seem more remote than ever. We fear that the letter notifying to this Government the dismissal of Mr. Crampton may be every day expected in England. This event, which, seen through the mist of the future, was calculated to inspire the most gloomy apprehensions, seems to have lost a little of its magnitude as it comes nearer, and to be after all, a not unendurable evil. Considering

how much we have already borne—how we have apologized and re-apologized—how we have offered to refer our case to arbitration, and submitted to see that arbitration refused—how we have argued, expostulated, and remonstrated, and all to no purpose, we may well allow this incident to pass over with the rest. We have at any rate, in this case the melancholy satisfaction that we are able to make a complete reprisal, and that a fortnight after Mr. Crampton has ceased to represent us at Washington, Mr. Dallas will no longer exercise his functions as Representative of the United States at the Court of St. James. There will, however, be this remarkable difference between the two cases—that Mr. Dallas has been treated with all respect, while Mr. Crampton will be ordered to leave the territory of the Union after having endured more than probably any British Representative in any foreign court during the present century has been called upon to submit to. Not only has Mr. Crampton been subjected to a virtual trial in the persons of Messrs. Hertz and Strobel, whose veracity he has publicly and solemnly disputed, apparently not without very sufficient reason, but a new method of annoyance has been discovered, by which it is sought not merely to give a color to his dismissal, but to affix an indelible stain on a hitherto spotless character, and to send our Minister back to England not only dismissed, but degraded. Mr. Crampton has advisedly stated in his letters to Lord Clarendon that Mr. Clayton, Mr. Marcy, and Mr. Cass have severally admitted to him that Ruatan is an undoubted British possession, with which America has not the slightest claim to interfere. This statement is met with denials more or less earnest from the different persons implicated by it. But, beside these, evidence is now produced that Mr. Crampton has himself admitted the falsehood of his own statements. What answer our Minister may be able to make to these accusations we do not know. In the mean time, it seems very difficult to believe that a man of experience and ability should make deliberately and advisedly official statements which he has felt himself, subsequently, when challenged, obliged to withdraw. Here are Mr. Crampton's own words in the very last letter of the blue book on Central America:

"It will be within your Lordship's recollection that Mr. Clayton was informed by Sir Henry Bulwer, before the treaty of 1850 was signed, that Ruatan was *de jure* and *de facto* a British possession; and Mr. Clayton has on various occasions since, in conversation with me, stated that he considered Ruatan as much a British possession as Jamaica or any other British West Indian island."

It seems incredible that such a statement can have been disavowed so soon after it was made, and under circumstances so critical, and yet this is now the accusation which is pressed against Mr. Crampton, and which we have reason to believe the United States Ministry intends to support. We must hear both sides before we condemn any one; but to us it certainly looks as if, the attempt to injure Mr. Crampton by the evidence of Hertz and Strobel having failed, some new device was to be hit upon in order to justify, in the eyes of the American people, the determination of the Government by some means or another to remove the representative of Great Britain. At any rate, if Mr. Crampton only remains at Washington to be held up to the American people as a man perpetually striving to undermine them by intrigue or traduce them by calumny; if an institution introduced and devised in the interests of peace is to be perverted for the purposes of mutual irritation and recrimination, it would seem far better that, for a time at least, diplomatic intercourse should cease, and, at any rate, that this ground of offence should be taken away from between us. The American Government is doing its utmost to reconcile us to the impending dismissal of our Minister, and to convince us that his absence, however much to be regretted in ordinary times, is now a less evil and danger than his remaining in a place where offence seems so sure to be given and taken.

Something more, apparently, than the denunciations of their Government, the debates of their Senate, and the accusations of their press, is necessary to convince the American people that they have fallen into the hands of men who are embarking on wild and dangerous courses, with no fixed object but their own immediate popularity, with no fixed principle but their re-election to office. It has become so entirely a part of the American practice—at least, of the practice of those possessed of cultivated minds and considerable properties—to stand aloof from the fierce struggles of politics, and to leave the game to be fought out by more ignoble hands, that they seem to have extended to foreign relations the same apathy which they exercise with regard to domestic affairs, and to feel great surprise that any one should think of treating their government as the real and efficient exponent of the national will, instead of some fortuitous agglomeration of atoms whirled together by the inexorable vortex of party and political necessities, and possessing no other object in common than the desire to retain the prize they have won at whatever cost, and by whatever means. This view of their Government is

repeatedly presented to us by educated Americans, and we are desired to turn from the violence of popular leaders and scheming politicians to the opinion of those great classes who comprise the wealth, the respectability, and the equilibrium of the nation. All we can say is, that we have waited and appealed in vain; that step after step has the government of General Pierce advanced in its career of violence and aggression, while no voice has been raised, no hand stretched out, to arrest a course so full of danger and discredit. America will not submit to arbitration, because she is determined to seize Nicaragua whether the true terms of the Clayton treaty authorize the seizure or not, and every advance we make is sure to be met in a spirit which seeks grounds for provocation out of every effort to conciliate. From the people of America, in whose name these things are done, but with whose consent and assent we firmly believe they are not done, we seek for aid in vain. They give their Government but little support; but they do nothing to control it, and by their Constitution they are unable to remove it. Under these circumstances, we can only reiterate the suggestions we have made before—that we should avoid all occasions of offence, withdraw all points of contact, restrict ourselves within our own rights, and wait with patience to see whether the objects of the American Government may not be satisfied by something short of the last extremity.

From The Daily News, 4 June.

In considering the possibility of war with the United States—its *probability* has not yet arisen—there is one thing that must be pressed on the attention of the Cabinet. It is that the Admiralty should impress the necessity of exercising the utmost prudence, let us add forbearance, on the Admiral and all naval officers on our North American station; for the real danger at present does not so much lie in any deliberate recourse to hostilities on the part of either Government, as in a hasty, indiscreet, precipitate, and unauthorized collision between single cruisers of the two States, or in an unnecessary and intemperate interruption of lawful commerce off San Juan del Norte. And as we have already had reports of such an incident in the case of the United States emigrant ship, the *Orizaba*, and an English ship of war, it is the imperative duty of Sir Charles Wood to send, and, if already sent, to repeat the most peremptory instructions on this point to our naval squadron. The questions in dispute as to Central America are purely and entirely in the domain of politics; they are matters pending between the Secretaries of State of the two countries; and the great-

est misfortune that could befall England at this moment would be the introduction into them of naval asperities, naval opinions as to what the honor of the country requires, or naval collisions.

Anything of this sort would play into the hands of President Pierce and assist him in the mischievous and wicked use to which he is trying to turn the Central American question and the recruitment dispute. That he, his advisers and cabal are prepared to retain, by risking war, the power they have abused, appears only too certain. But that the British Government will aid him in this monstrous design, by directly doing aught to precipitate hostilities, or by any declaration of war, would be a piece of insanity not to be thought of. If, then, the conduct of our cruisers be equally temperate and moderate, and if all chance of collision on their part be avoided, President Pierce may find himself rather out-witted in his policy; for though he has, as President, power to accept war, when declared against the United States, and is, of course, bound to resent and vindicate the honor of their flag, when attacked by the naval force of another Government, the President of the United States, be it remembered, has no authority by virtue of his office to declare war against another country. He may, it is true, pursue a policy that must inevitably bring the United States to the brink of hostilities—and that President Pierce is certainly now doing; he may persevere in this policy, although he has not influence enough over Congress to induce it to adopt any of his recommendations on domestic questions—and that is President Pierce's position. He may go headlong on in his career of wickedness, after he has lost the respect and support of the political party which made him President; but there his power stops. In England it is the prerogative of the Crown to declare war, as it is also to make peace; but no such authority is reposed in the Chief Magistrate of the United States; and its absence, is one great safeguard for the preservation of tranquility, if our Government are only wise and calm, and our cruisers prudent and unofficial.

By the Constitution of the United States, the President has literally no power in the matter; for by clause XI of Section VIII. of the Constitution, it is enacted: "The Congress shall have power to declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and to make rules concerning captures on land and water." If, then, President Pierce be disappointed in his expectations of having war declared against the United States, or of its becoming inevitable from an accidental collision, the question is, can he induce Congress to exercise its undoubted authority of de-

claring war against England on his recommendation? We are persuaded that if common prudence and discretion be exercised on this side of the Atlantic, and by the officers in command of our North American squadron on the other side, President Pierce will never think of making any such recommendation to Congress; and that, if he did, Congress would treat it with the same contempt with which it has treated all his other recommendations. No, Mr. Franklin Pierce's game is something very different from this: it is to play the bully, and to hector himself at our expense into the Presidency again, even at the risk of war, if we are weak and foolish enough to meet him more than half way in his extravagances and recklessness. For that very reason it is our policy to look calmly on while he plays his last desperate stake at the presidential faro-table. If the evil time does come—if the devil allow Mr. Pierce another turn of success—if war be thrust upon us, we have spirit enough to vindicate our honor, and force enough to deal signal punishment on those who compel us to take up arms. But meanwhile, just in proportion as excitement prevails at Washington, let temperance predominate here; and if we cannot rouse by our calmness the better sort of citizens in the Republic to vindicate, in this unnecessary emergency, the common sense and self-respect of our common origin and common interests, let us, at all events, by our abstinence assist them in averting the misfortune of another term of Presidency for Mr. Franklin Pierce.

We do not undervalue the importance of the United States Government obtaining, through Walker's success, now that his Government is recognized, a command of that route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to the neutrality of which it is bound by the Clayton-Bulwer Convention. We can perfectly appreciate the danger of encouraging these springs beyond the bounds of civilization, which first annexed Texas, then acquired California, afterward grasped at Cuba, and have now laid a heavy hand on Nicaragua; and we know not where this doing evil that good may come is to stop. But we have no mission to avert all the moral evils that may arise from United States Filibusterism. Our duty is to take care of ourselves and our own interests, and though it be much more advantageous to us that an independent instead of a dependent, State should possess this interoceanic route, that is not a question on which we are going to war. We heartily wish and pray for the success of Costa Rica in the cause of national independence which that little State is so gallantly defending, but further assistance than sympathies and remonstrances we have none to give. So far

our course is clear enough. But if the whole of the State of Nicaragua is to fall under the control of the United States, it cannot be expected that we will recede from our demand to have San Juan made a free port, or retire from the Bay of Islands. Substantially the Clayton-Bulwer Convention will become worthless and inoperative, if Walker, now that his Government is recognized at Washington, shall fairly establish himself in Nicaragua; and the argument in support of our abandonment of our pretensions to those islands, and to the protection of Mosquito, will fall to the ground, when the treaty on which it is founded ceases to be binding on the United States. If, then, a new colony is to be formed in Nicaragua from the United States, we also shall have a claim to establish a colony in the Bay of Islands that will at least give us some power over the route through Nicaragua to the Pacific—a place of refreshment for our cruisers, a depot for our commerce.

That President Pierce will follow up this utter abandonment of the Clayton-Bulwer Convention in his recognition of Walker, by dismissing Mr. Crampton, appears likely enough. Indeed we have good reason to believe that Mr. Crampton has already reached Toronto. But, Mr. Crampton dismissed, ought we to send away Mr. Dallas, and suspend all diplomatic intercourse with the Cabinet at Washington? That may, we think, be doubted. The ground on which Mr. Crampton's recall has been demanded is, that his proceedings in the recruitment question have rendered his further residence at Washington "unacceptable" to the United States Government. Now, diplomatically, they have a perfect right to express and to act on that opinion. To act on it must necessarily give offence to the Government of England; but retaliation does not as necessarily or as logically follow offence; and so, notwithstanding Mr. Dallas is packing up his portmanteau, we hope the British Cabinet will think twice before they send him away.

From the London Telegraph, 2 June.

THE question is a simple one, and easy of solution. Is it worth our while to expend several millions of money, sacrifice several hundred thousand lives, jeopardize our commerce, lose our colonies, impoverish our country, and grind down with almost unbearable taxes, imposts, and exactions, the hardworked millions of these islands, all for one object, the retention of a Mr. Crampton, formerly a Government clerk, as our Minister at Washington—a Mr. Matthew, formerly a sporting officer in the Guards, ejected for bribery from a seat in Parliament, and then a Governor of the Bahamas, which

post he resigned in consequence of the dissatisfaction caused by his conduct, as our Consul at Philadelphia—a Mr. Barclay, who has held a snug berth for years as Consul at New-York, and who, during that period, must have amassed enough money to retire with competence for the remainder of his days—and, lastly, to retain a Mr. Rowcroft, of whom we know nothing, as our Consul at Cincinnati?

For the purpose of retaining these four individuals as our accredited agents in the United States, against the express wishes of the American Government, shall England go to war with our powerful trans-Atlantic cousins? Surely the war just terminated by a disgraceful peace, which we were obliged to accept, ought to be a lesson to curb the overweening pride of our countrymen. As to the performances of our army, the least said the better. Our men were brave to a fault, and that is all that can be conceded to the service. As to the genius of our officers, it has been proved to be beneath contempt. We had not enough military tact to keep a brigade of horses from starving, and the entire staff of the British Army—engineers, artillery, cavalry and infantry—were unable to devise a scheme to place under shelter a squadron of dragoons in the field. Civilians could construct a railway in an enemy's country, several miles in length, hut and shelter the navvies employed, feed their men, and perform their duties without one single instance of failure. Civil engineers did this, because they were practical men, and because they were not checked and curbed by spurred and plumed staff nonentities. If the construction of that railway had been left to the army, not one mile of it would be at the present moment finished; and, during the progress of that mile, some hundreds of men would have been flogged at the triangles by our Provost Marshals. So much for the proved military genius of our officers. As to our Navy, we had old Admirals suffering from the gout, living on port wine, and, in inspired moments, under the influence of the juice of Oporto, raving about "sharpening their cutlasses," bearding the Muscovite in his stronghold, and threatening to bring forth the reluctant Russ, and make him fight? And how did we manage that fight? Our wooden walls battered down, at long range, Bomarsund, did not venture to Cronstadt, but sacked and burnt some dozen Finnish villages—and here we have the sum total of our naval achievements. We had 70,000 gallant sailors ready to fight, and not one head to direct our floating armaments. At home we bungled at the Admiralty, and on the eve of signing a humiliating peace we had launched when too late a swarm of gun-

boats. The peace concluded, we had a grand bungle, called a review, at which we paraded several score of ugly mortar and gunboats, all nearly gunwale under with the weight of metal on board, and in smooth water, with wind and tide not progressing at the rate of above a mile and a half per hour. We made a grand parade when the steed was stolen, a day after the fair, of what we could do on some future occasion; and thus terminated our naval triumphs.

There is no use concealing the fact, we are not now in a position to go to war. Our military and naval establishments require a remodeling before we can safely cope with another enemy. As the Services are at present constituted, officered, and handled, we have no hope from their prowess when placed in antagonism to a young, brave, and powerful nation. Poor Russia! at the best she was but a heavy enemy. There was no vitality in her. Her armies were slaves, and the knout was the only incentive to action. Her navy was only for show. Her sailors were fresh-water salts—a sort of brackish imitation of the nautical tar. And yet we failed to humble Russia, backed as we were by France, and, after the expenditure of some hundred millions of money, and the sacrifice of a gallant army by gross mismanagement, we captured half a fortress, and, satisfied with that triumph, we concluded peace, and left the enemy not *minus* one yard of territory formerly possessed by her and paid ourselves all the expenses of the war. This should be a sufficient lesson to curb our beligerent propensities.

A war with the United States would be a very different kind of affair. In that Republic we have a powerful foe—the American flag floats in every sea. Her sailors are sailors. Her ships equal our own in tonnage. There is no cooping up her ships in a Sebastopol harbor—for the American harbors are numberless, and the steamers and ships are the finest specimens of naval architecture afloat. It was all very well our “talking big,” and bragging in the Bunkum style, when the war with the United States was only an idle rumor. We could then afford to reciprocate a joke with our cousins, who talked of “beating all creation,” and rattle on about bombarding the Atlantic cities. That was all, however, very “big talk,” and is much easier said than done. In the war of 1814 we never succeeded in firing a broadside into an Atlantic City, and our nearest approach to such an achievement was at New Orleans, the remembrance of which should crush our high-flown ideas of battering down American towns. It must, further, not be forgotten that there is not one harbor on the Atlantic coast which could not easily be

closed to all approach from the sea, and that as effectually as Sebastopol harbor was rendered inaccessible to our fleet. And as to any hope from the diversion in our favor of the slaves in the Southern States, we must not forget that in 1814 the slaves remained true to their masters, and we are not aware that the “darkie” element is one whit more enlightened now than it was then. A war with the United States would in fact be a guerilla war upon the ocean. Her ships would prey upon our commerce, and countless privateers would swarm the ocean path. In fact, during that war, all our commerce would be at an end. Our mills in the north would stop for the raw material; the cotton of Louisiana would be wanting to feed them. Hundreds of thousands would be thrown out of work. Then, as for our colonies, the first act of war would be tantamount to a “declaration of independence” for Canada, the West Indies, Australia, and the Cape. The Muscovite would again sniff the tainted atmosphere of blood. Persia with the Russ would then indeed have a fair chance of an invasion of India, and could we then hope that our gallant ally will remain faithful to England in the immensity of her fresh warlike entanglements? The idea is absurd. No one expects it. A war waged upon the great Powers of the earth must necessarily place France in antagonism to England. Then let us see how we would stand: *England versus* the world. The struggle would be a fearful one, and we tremble to contemplate the contingencies of a termination to it. To expect that our own shores would never experience the horrors of war would be to hope for too much. Half a million French soldiers would, doubtless, not remain inactive, viewing the smiling fields of England only from the Napoleon Column at Boulogne.

From The London Daily News.

THE aspect of the latest news from the United States is undeniably ugly. Still we will not believe that the Governments in London and Washington can be so insane as to risk a war, the results of which must be so tremendous, on such miserable grounds of quarrel as they are debating about. If there is a war, it will be a mere buccaneering war. The United States have no standing army; they cannot invade England; the immense extent of the Republican territory, and the thinness of the population, enable it to laugh an invasion to scorn. But on the other hand, the coasts of England and the United States are equally destitute of fortifications, and open to predatory incursions; and both nations have herds of unarmed ships in every sea that would be an easy prey to vessels of war.

The only way in which either state could harm the other, would be by shelling and burning seaport towns, by sinking and capturing merchant vessels. Fights there might be between single men-of-war or small squadrons, but there would be no battle like the Nile or Trafalgar—for the simple reason that the United States have not a large enough fleet. While the war lasted, therefore, the efforts of the belligerents would be almost exclusively confined to predatory and destructive operations against private property—a course of action calculated to lower the combatants to the level of the moss troopers or buccaneers of former centuries. The loss on both sides would be enormous. The mere paralysis of productive industry, produced by the cessation of commercial intercourse, would spread bankruptcy and beggary through every district of England and the United States. And all this waste and misery to be incurred on flimsy points of honor, about which a brace of Irish fire-eaters of the olden time would have hesitated to exchange shots!

With regard to the enlistment question, the United States have suffered no detriment from the operations of the English Government. The Cabinet of St. James' has again and again declared it had no intention to injure or affront the Government of Washington, and that it is sorry that it should innocently have given occasion for umbrage. As to the American Isthmus, both Governments are loud in their protestations of their determination not to acquire any new territory there; and in truth such acquisition by either would be gaining a loss. The pecuniary interests of both countries in the questions at issue would be outrageously over-estimated at a penny sterling. England, we know, has no desire to act uncourtously towards America; and America, we hope and believe, has no desire to act uncourtously towards England.

The whole controversy between the two Governments arises from their reluctance to express the same ideas in the same words and phrases. If they go to war, it will be on either side simply with a view to impose its own verbal *formule* on the other. What an awful responsibility the statesmen must incur who precipitates two States, so capable of inflicting injury on each other, into war on such miserable pretexts. How the despots of the world will laugh to see the two most free and enlightened nations of the age cutting each other's throats and destroying each other's property for such pitiful no-reasons! Such, they will exclaim, in scornful triumph, are the fruits of free institutions; these are the consequences of allowing people to govern themselves!

We address these considerations alike to Englishmen and Americans, for we cannot regard any war between England and America—and that is our great objection to one—in any other light than as a civil war. We know that any English Government that by unjust or even discourteous conduct towards America shall render war inevitable, will be driven with disgrace from power. On former occasions, we do not deny that English Governments have been too apt to treat Americans with a supercilious affectation of superiority. We admit that some of Lord Palmerton's antecedents warrant suspicions on the part of the Americans that he has still some of this Old World leaven about him. But we have every reason to believe that his colleagues are superior to all such silly and antiquated prejudices; and we know that his Lordship is not the man to allow any personal feeling (or principle) to interfere with his tenure of office.

We say that on the whole, the conduct of the existing English Government throughout this disagreeable controversy, if not always remarkable for prudence, has always been fair and courteous. The difficulties regarding Central America they offer to refer to arbitration; they disclaim any intention to act in contravention of the laws of the United States in the unlucky enlistment affair; and as for Mr. Crampton and Consuls, the language used by Lord Clarendon is in effect, "We cannot punish men who have served us faithfully to the best of their abilities, unless they are proved to have violated the laws of the United States; the witnesses adduced in support of the charge that they have done so are utterly unworthy of credit upon oath; do you (the American Government) prove by trustworthy witnesses that they have misconducted themselves, and we will withdraw them, but otherwise we cannot do that consistently with our own honor." This we maintain, is all straightforward; and for the reason we have assigned above we believe that the English Ministers speak and act, in this matter, with perfect sincerity.

As for the Americans, we concur in the view taken of their feelings by our New York correspondent, who declares that the whole difficulty on their side is owing to the unscrupulous tactics adopted by the party leaders now in power, with an eye to the impending Presidential election. He tells us—and we believe him—that if the English Ministers keep their tempers, and abstain from any acts or words that may give a handle to the reckless agitators of the White House, till after the elections in November, there will be no danger of war. We, too, would give this advice to our rulers, and we

believe it will be acted upon. But, at the same time, we would appeal to the rational and truly patriotic portion of the American people—and the language which we have ever held, in perfect and cordial sincerity, with regard to the American people, entitles us to do so—to aid us actively in the preservation of the peace. They can do so, for they are the majority, and in the United States the majority is all-powerful. They need to do so, for the last step of President Pierce demonstrates that as little confidence can be placed in his prudence as in his principles. When Walker appeared to be carrying all before him in Nicaragua, President Pierce refused to recognize him; now that Walker appears to be tottering on the verge of destruction, President Pierce receives his envoy. The man who can thus act in defiance of every dictate of prudence and common sense, may at any moment adopt measures that render war inevitable.

We assure our American friends that this conviction is already becoming operative here in England. Next mail will convey to them intelligence of fluctuations in our money market—fluctuations attributable solely to the aspect of our relations with America. And we can tell them more, that the great American merchants here, and the manufacturers with whom they deal, are already talking seriously of restricting their operations within such limits as may expose them to the least possible risk in the event of a war breaking out. Fully one-half of the evils that actual war could inflict on the two countries, are about to be incurred in a state of peace, from the mere unsatisfactory aspect of our relations with the United States. We call upon the true patriots in North America to assist us in putting a stop to this ruinous state of affairs.

Our sole object in these remarks is to impress both on Englishmen and Americans the ridiculous and criminal light in which the two countries would present themselves to the world by going to war for the paltry objects that are now agitated between their Governments. When we shall have succeeded in this—when the voice of both nations has compelled their rulers to discuss their differences rationally—we are prepared to enter upon that controversy. At present a word misapprehended might have a prejudicial effect, and therefore we abstain. For the same reason we have avoided the vulgar braggadocio in which some of our cotemporaries have been pleased to indulge about the might of England. We are, perhaps, more fully aware of the real strength of our country than these braggarts, but we know that, with a high-spirited and energetic people like the Americans, to talk of such matters

at such a crisis is wantonly to add fuel to the flames.

From The London Press (Tory-Opinion) 2 June.

LORD ELGIN, in a guarded speech, submitted to the Lords on Tuesday some considerations on the state of our relations with America. The subject could not have been in better hands. Lord Elgin is one of the few great statesmen of our day. His Canadian administration has established his reputation on a solid basis. It will bear to be tested by results. Contrasted with the Indian administration of Lord Dalhousie, we see the difference between solid and showy qualities of government. There exists on record no example of such progress in every element of prosperity as Canada has exhibited under Lord Elgin's rule. His experience of the character of the United States' government and people gives additional weight to his opinions. He touched on both the recruiting question and the Central American question. The points originally in dispute were of the most trifling nature. They are in themselves so subtle as almost to elude apprehension. They more resemble the refinements of schoolmen than the differences of practical politicians. On reading the correspondence, our wonder is moved at the ingenuity which could evolve serious difficulty from such insignificant elements of disturbance. Lord Elgin pointed out that on each of the questions in debate our government has adopted a line the very reverse of that which true policy should have dictated. The executive of the United States has great difficulty in preventing its adventurous and turbulent population from engaging in unlawful enterprises. It is this aggressive spirit which endangers the tranquility of neighboring countries, and exposes them to attack. The neutrality laws of the States are feeble to repress it but they are the only check which can be imposed on it, and manifestly it is the interest of England to seize every opportunity of impressing on the American government the importance of strictly enforcing those laws. We ought rather to urge that they should be made more stringent, than that they should be in any way relaxed. The opposite view is adopted by Lord Clarendon. He argues for the greatest latitude in the interpretation of the neutrality laws. He picks out their weak points, and insists that advantage may be taken of them. Because they are lax, they may be totally evaded. In his last despatch, of the 30th of April, he is careful to show how much more loose are the neutrality laws of the States than those of this country. Recruiting is forbidden within the American territory, but he contends that American citizens, when

once clear of that territory, are at liberty to enter the service of any foreign Power they please. This is an evasion of the spirit of neutrality which a minister of England ought never to have sanctioned. Lord Clarendon is playing into the hands of the extreme democratic party. The motion which has lately been submitted to the Legislature for abolishing the neutrality laws altogether, might be best supported by arguments from Lord Clarendon's despatches. With regard to Central America, again, it was the policy of this country to uphold the independence of the Central American States. The Bulwer-Clayton treaty had been concluded for that express purpose. It was our part to give a liberal not a restrictive interpretation to that treaty, that the whole region, being free from the influence of any one great Power, should be open as a highway of transit to the commerce of the whole world. In comparison with the attainment of this great object the right we claimed to a protectorate of part of the Mosquito Territory, or to the possession of some small islands on the Honduras coast, was extremely insignificant. Such rights were valueless, but to maintain them we have suffered the principle to escape us of preserving inviolate the independence of the whole region of the Isthmus. There is great force in the American argument, that in respect to future acquisitions the probability of advantage, if only from proximity of position, was all on the side of America. It was worth some concession on our part to induce the United States government to join us in guaranteeing the independence of Central America; and, having obtained it by treaty, it ought never to have been lost sight of by this country. By Lord Clarendon's policy a pretext has been afforded to the American government for departing from the principle. While we hold a few insignificant islands, events are tending to the annexation of Central America to the United States territory. While grasping at a shadow we are losing the substance. Had a good understanding subsisted between the two governments, they would have cordially concurred in measures for the instant suppression of Walker's buccaneering enterprise. The apathy with which the invasion of Nicaragua has been viewed by our government is inexplicable. We know that Lord Clarendon has regarded it with displeasure, but we do not find that he has taken any steps to arrest it. The correspondence of the agent of Costa Rica throws some light on the secret proceedings of our Foreign office. On the part of that State Lord Clarendon was applied to for assistance against Walker. When told that a force of 800 men

had been raised to resist him, he exclaimed, "That was a right step," and when applied to on behalf of Costa Rica for arms, he obligingly told the agent that he might have 2,000 muskets from the War Department, at the price of 23s. each for the inferior sort, or 56s. 8d. each for the line pattern. Lord Clarendon's approval and sympathy went no further. Whether the agent, acting on the *caveat emptor* principle, inquired elsewhere and found the same article could be furnished cheaper, or whether Costa Rica would not furnish funds for so extensive a purchase, is not material. The arms were not supplied, and General Walker has not to face muskets of British manufacture. The incident should not be lost sight of, as it indicates the kind of action which Lord Clarendon thinks becoming the Foreign Minister of England. He allows it to be seen that he is adverse to this paltry enterprise of Walker, but he fears to take any decided measure for its suppression, or for vindicating the vital principle of the Bulwer-Clayton treaty. Should the reported intelligence of the recognition of Walker's government by the United States cabinet prove correct, this country will have to make up its mind to abandon altogether that important principle of the independence of the Central American States firmly secured by a treaty only six years old, or engage in a war with America to maintain it.

OPINIONS OF THE FRENCH PRESS.

From *La Presse*, 30 May.

THE seriousness of Mr. Pierce's resolution will not escape any one. The United States have put their hand upon Central America. It is a far more serious infraction to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty than the doubtful infraction of which England is accused by the United States. Now that Walker's government is recognized, there is no doubt that numerous volunteers will leave New York and the United States to join and strengthen him. It is the beginning of the annexation.

From *La Patrie*, 31 May.

If the United States recognize the government of which Walker is the soul, they inaugurate by that single fact towards Central America a policy of annexation which, for the first act, tears to pieces and throws to the wind the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. Besides this, that act brings before Europe and the world the question, if it is well, if it is just, if it is prudent that the nation which extends at the North its empire from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to that of the Columbia should also possess the countries watered by the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf

of Mexico, and monopolizes all the roads leading from the Atlantic to the Pacific, including the Isthmus of Panama.

This question, as can be seen, is of the greatest importance. Let us hope that it will in due time be the subject of serious investigation.

From the Journal des Débats, 31 May.

The relations between England and the United States assume more and more a dark aspect. Lies are exchanged between the ministers of the two countries. Mr. Crampton, Minister from England, has affirmed that Mr. Clayton, the author of the treaty in relation to Central America, had positively recognized the sovereignty of England over the island of Ruatan. In the Senate of the United States, Mr. Clayton has formally denied this circumstance, and declared that the English Minister must have dreamed it. Mr. Clayton has been supported by another Senator, Mr. Crittenden, who said that, on the contrary, Mr. Crampton had declared that it has never been questioned to recognize the sovereignty of England on that point. In presence of those assertions, entirely contradictory, there is no opinion to be given.

Another very serious subject of dissent is appearing between the two governments. It is said that the administration of the United States intend to recognize the government of Walker, in Nicaragua, although that country has an official representative near the United States. This representative has already protested against that intention.

We perceive that this news has created a great sensation in England, and that the relations between the two governments appear to be quite alarming.

From the Independance Belge, 31 May.

To recognize Walker is to proclaim the annexation of all the small American republics which separate the Atlantic from the Pacific. At a given moment the United States would be the sovereign and absolute master of the great continental road which, since the discovery of California and the development of the riches of Australia, has taken an immense importance for the rapid intercourse of Europe with Eastern Asia and Malaisia. The Bulwer-Clayton treaty—that work of long and laborious negotiations, which was made in order to prevent monopoly and all kind of preponderance, either from England or the United States—should be torn to pieces by a *coup d'éclat*. There should not be any more questions to discuss in regard to the dispositions of that convention, or to invoke arbitration: the convention itself should not exist any longer, and the question, placed upon the ground of in-

ternational law and of free passage through certain great national roads of the world, should interest not only England, but all Europe.

From La Gazette de France, 1 June.

If President Pierce receives from Congress the approbation of his conduct, what will England, France and Russia do? A declaration of war to the United States is a big affair, which every one has to fear, not in point of view of war, but in that of commerce.

The transactions between Europe and America have become so numerous and so active, that it is easy to foresee all the consequences of a rupture. One cannot think without fear of the consequences of such an event, if it had sprung up during the war with Russia, when we had to demand from America gold and breadstuffs to make up for the deficiencies of our crops and of our treasures.

From the same journal, 3 June.

Contrary to what could be expected, the English journals seem to have made their mourning (*faire leur deuil*) of the recognizing of Walker, and are not disposed to complicate by this new wrong those which constitute already the ground of the quarrel between England and the United States.

Perhaps they do not pretend to have the right to protest against a measure undoubtedly conforming with the principles which the American Union has always professed and practised, with more or less opportunity, towards the foreign governments *de facto*, whatever might have been their origin. Perhaps, also, they understand that the steps taken by Mr. Pierce and his Cabinet can greatly facilitate the Central American question, in leaving the best part (*le beau rôle*) to England.

From a Madrid letter of 28 May.

WAR BETWEEN SPAIN AND MEXICO

The government was determined to proceed with the greatest energy in the Mexican affair. At a Cabinet Council, held the day before, it was resolved to send to the Gulf of Mexico, independently of the naval forces detached from Cuba, two ships of the line, one frigate and one corvette, which are to be placed under the command of a distinguished naval officer. One of these ships is now ready to be put to sea, and the Government has ordered that the other should be fitted out with all possible despatch.

From The London Times, 3 June.

SPAIN has remained unusually tranquil during the great battle of the nations. Time was when this great monarchy overshadowed all other lands, and even where her iron le-

gions had not made their way the fear of her name prevailed. We are not about to write in a spirit of bitterness against Spaniards and Spanish things, for we know well that Spain, which has been well nigh for two centuries and more in an effete condition, contains within her limits the elements of a glorious future. One honor, at least, cannot be denied to her. From the Pyrenees to the Mediterranean, and from the eastern waters which wash her coast to the great Atlantic, with the single exception of a mighty crag which is rather annexed to her territory than part of it, Spain is free from the profanation of foreign occupation. We do not pause to inquire how this result was brought about during the last war; suffice it to say the fact is so. Nor is there reason to doubt of the military genius and warlike qualities of the people, when Spanish air has been once purified from the taint of priestly superstition and courtly intrigue. The upper classes, indeed, are effete and worn out. The *sangre azul* runs in feeble though limpid streams through the thin arteries of a stunted and degenerate race. Beneath these in social position are men who want but opportunity to make their names illustrious in civil policy and in commercial enterprise. The great heart of Spain, however, beats strongest in the stout breast of the Spanish peasant. In the mountains of Biscay, in the vast plains of Leon and Castile, and amid the sierras of Andalusia, the scene of many a knightly achievement in the old days of Morisco warfare, are to be found the stalwart children of the soil, from whose loins will spring the men who are destined to restore this great country to her place among European nations. This result, however, is not in Spain to be brought about by the sword. Civil conflict, indeed, must and will have its way; but until the cycle of these intestine broils is at an end, and the government of the country is brought into harmony with the wishes of the great majority of the nation, Spain cannot hope for improvement or progress. We are deeply interested in the fate of this magnificent country. In her present prostrate condition Spain is lost to Europe and to the world. Something, indeed, has been achieved in the overthrow and flight of the dissolute crew who polluted the court of Madrid with their presence, and of the paltry tricksters who, as representatives of Spanish statesmanship, made the glorious name of their country a byword throughout Europe for intrigue and for violated faith. We have for some time past had our attention so keenly occupied with the great conflict in progress on the shores of the Euxine, that we have not, perhaps, paid sufficient regard to the development of Spanish liberties and to the

course of events at Madrid. We had hoped that the General who had been called by universal acclamation to the direction of affairs at a time of signal danger was slowly, but surely, advancing towards success—that he was re-establishing order—that he was reconciling the people with the Court, and defeating the intrigues of the refugees and of the false brothers who in the capital were encumbering him with their treacherous help. A great task, indeed, was before him—one which, if brought to a successful conclusion, would have immortalized his name in the annals of his country—to maintain order, to reconcile factions, to introduce liberty of thought, to draw forth the virtues of the Spanish soil, and to cover the seas with Spanish ships—in a word, to pursue a policy of peace. Our surprise was great when the intelligence reached us that Spain had just declared war against another country; and greater still when it was told us that the antagonist summoned by her to the combat was—Mexico.

A war of Spain against Mexico! It seems rather a dream to amuse the imagination than a serious incident in the sober domain of reality. We are carried back to the times of the conqueror of Cortez and of his iron band—to the glories of the Indian kings and to their awful overthrow. The events of this conflict are familiar to us all in the animated recital of the great American historian, Prescott; but they are things of another day. A Spanish invasion of Mexico cannot, surely, be connected with the progress of modern affairs. We miss all the incidents of grave reality in such a dream. It is intelligible enough that a band of stern warriors, armed with weapons novel to the untaught Indian, and mounted on animals which seemed to him as monsters from another world, should fill his breast with panic and confusion. Let us suppose a band of green warriors dropped on our planet from the moon, mounted on hippogriffs, and using weapons which would be to our Lancaster guns what the Lancaster gun is to the yew bow of Sherwood Forest; let us suppose these fearful strangers to touch the earth suddenly in Kent or the Weald of Sussex, muttering strange incantations, and demanding of us instant reverence for some unknown power, with death as the alternative. We should send for our great warriors and our great priests—for the Earl of Lucan and the Bishop of Bangor; but what if they failed us in the hour of need? London might soon share the fate of the capital of ancient Mexico. Such is the idea of Spanish conquest in Southern America in bygone days; but what similarity is there between those distant times and our own? The Mexico of the Indian was not the Mexico

of the half-caste but the Mexico of the half-caste long since ejected the Spaniard from her soil. The Mexicans of our day and the Spaniards of our day would descend into the arena with almost equal arms. Can the Spain of 1856 send forth from her shores an army which could compete with any reasonable chance of success, with the modern Mexicans, upon their own soil? We know what incredible efforts it required from France and England to transport their legions to the Crimea and to maintain them there—how prodigal was the expenditure of our treasures—how great the sacrifice of British and of French lives; and is Spain equal to a similar enterprise? We cannot perceive in her, under present conditions, even the remotest elements of success. All the armed force the Spanish government can muster is needed at home for the maintenance of order. Spain has no armed, no mercantile marine, worthy of serious account. It will be well for her if, with her utmost efforts, she can succeed in retaining possession of that magnificent island—the great jewel of the Antilles—which still owns the dominion

of the Spanish flag. For defence, she would have with her the sympathies of Europe, for attack she would stand alone. The only result of her efforts would be to cover the Spanish name in those distant regions with new confusion and disgrace, and to pave the way for foreign aggression in Cuba.

The Spaniard who admits into his dreams the wild fancy of regaining on the mainland of America that which, once lost, was lost to him forever, reckons without the presence of an antagonist with whom he at least is unable to cope. Not a month would pass from the day that the first of the half dozen ships which constitute the Spanish navy had driven into Vera Cruz the brig which constitutes the navy of Mexico, when swiftly and sharply the government at Washington would intervene in the discussion, and remove its solution to the bay of Havana. Far mightier interests are at stake just now in the West than any in which Spain bears part. Let her stand aside, if she be wise, and leave the arena clear to others who may be driven to descend into it, however much against their will.

A CURIOUS EFFECT OF ELECTRICITY ON THE COMPASS.—Mr. Haward, a very credible person, tells me, that being once master of a ship in a voyage to Barbadoes, in company with another commanded by one Grofton, of New-England, in the latitude of Bermudas they were suddenly alarmed with a terrible clap of thunder, which broke Mr. Grofton's foremast, tore his sails and damaged his rigging. But that after the noise and confusion were past, Mr. Haward, to whom the thunder had been more favorable, was, however, no less surprised to see his companion's ship steer directly homeward again. At first he thought that they had mistook their course, and that they would soon perceive their error; but seeing them persist in it, and being by this time almost out of call, he tacked and stood after them; and as soon as he got near enough to be well understood, asked where they were going: but by their answer, which imported that they had no other design than the prosecution of their former intended voyage, and by the sequel of their discourse, it at last appeared that Mr. Grofton did indeed steer by the right point of his compass, but that the card was turned round, the north and south points having changed positions; and though with his finger he brought the fleur-de-lys to point directly north, it would immediately, as soon as at liberty, return to this new unusual posture; and on examination he found every compass in the ship altered in the same manner: which strange and sudden accident he could impute to nothing else but the operation of the lightning or thunder

just mentioned. He adds that those compasses never, to his knowledge, recovered their right positions again.—*Philosophical Transactions*, vol. II. p. 309.

MORAL RECTITUDE AND MORAL OBLIQUITY.—When I waited on the Vicar to pay my last Easter-offerings, I found a fierce young fellow there, just arrived from College, who called himself a soph. He seemed to make a puff at sin and holiness, but talked most outrageously of moral rectitude and obliquity. I could not then fish out who these moral gentry were, but I learnt it afterwards in a market, where I sometimes pick up rags of knowledge. A string of two-legged cattle with tails growing out of their brains, and hanging down their breech, rode helter-skelter through the beast-market. The graziers were all in full stare, as you may think; some said they were Frenchmen; some thought, they were Jesuits; some said they were Turks, who had fled from the Russians; and some affirmed they were monkeys, because of their tails; but the clerk of the market, coming by assured us, they were a drove of moral rectitudes, who had been drinking freely at the Hoop, and railing madly at the Bible, and were going post-haste to lodge with Miss Moral Obliquity. So I found that Mr. Moral Rectitude and Miss Moral Obliquity were own brother and sister, both of them horned cattle; and that their whole difference lay in the gender, one was male and the other female.—*Berridge's World Unmasked*.

From Chambers' Journal.

MISTAKES ABOUT SNAKES.

It is wonderful how many popular delusions exist about snakes, what marvellous stories are told of them, and how readily they find believers.

It is generally supposed that they have such a taste for music as to leave their hiding-places at the sound of the snake-charmer's uncouth instrument; that they like a warm berth, and are in the habit of ensconcing themselves under a pillow or part of a lady's dress; that they are partial to milk, a small portion of which placed near is sufficient to allure them from the most desirable resting-place; and that there is some herb an infallible remedy for their bite, only known to their inveterate enemy, the mongoose, who cures himself with it when wounded in one of those encounters which occur so frequently between them. The fallacy of this last has been satisfactorily proved by trying the experiment of shutting up a mongoose and a poisonous snake in the same room. After some delay, the mongoose killed the snake, and appeared none the worse for it. Now, as it is improbable that the animal kept any of the concentrated essence of this wonderful herb about him, and as he certainly could not go abroad to seek it, we can only conclude that he possessed dexterity enough to avoid the bite of his antagonist, and thus came off scathless and victorious.

As to their fondness for quartering themselves in warm localities, it is only in an uncongenial climate that they nestle in blankets or betake themselves to other such unwonted luxuries. In their own country, they prefer a tuft of moist grass or a ruined building. When they pay you a domestic visit, they seem to like the bathing-room with its cool jars, better than any other part of the house, and are fond of lounging behind any door which is rarely opened, or in a box placed near the wall; or, in fact, in any place that is quiet, cool, and dark. The statement that music is relished by the snake-tribe has obtained general belief; yet I feel convinced that it is greatly exaggerated, if not wholly untrue. As to the snake-charmers capturing them by means of music — if such a term can be applied to the abominably discordant sounds they produce — with equal truth might it be said that Mr. Anderson's magic-wand produces the startling effects we witness in his exhibitions, or that "hocus pocus" or "hey presto" possess miraculous powers when uttered by certain individuals. The whole thing is a delusion.

The snake-charmers of India are a very low caste, who lead a vagabond life, and eat whatever they can obtain with least trouble, totally disregarding conventional prejudices

on the subject. Rats and jackals are considered dainties; and an animal having died from disease, instead of unfitting it for food, only gives it additional piquancy in their eyes. I never saw them engaged in any industrial employment except making ropes, which, besides juggling and snake-charming, forms their ostensible means of livelihood. They are not averse, however, to increase their private resources by thieving, or any other roguery when opportunity offers. Their women are strapping Amazons, with high voices and low morals. On one occasion, marching in command of a small detachment, I found, on arriving at the only encamping-ground for some miles, that it was occupied by a party of these people. I sent for the head man, and was surprised at a woman making her appearance instead. Knowing their thievish propensities, I politely told the lady the ground was only large enough for one camp; whereon she coolly observed, that if such was the case, I had better move on and leave them the place to themselves. I gave a categorical rejoinder — first, that the ground had been cleared by the *sircar* (government) for their own troops; secondly, that I had orders to halt there that day, and meant to obey them; and thirdly and lastly, that if they did not clear out bag and baggage *instantly*, I would save them the trouble, and deposit their traps in the adjacent nullah. The fair charmer retired; but, while doing so, she hurled at me her Parthian arrows in the form of evil wishes and abusive epithets. The virago never once paused for breath, or hesitated for a word, but poured forth an uninterrupted volley of slang, compared with which the choicest Billingsgate would seem a complimentary address. Seeing that resistance was useless, however, she called the other women; they caught and accoutred their half-starved, vicious-looking *tattoos*, struck tents, packed up everything, and then mounted their steeds *en cavalier*. During this scene, the men sat and smoked, seeming to regard their proceedings as a matter of course, and rendering no assistance whatever. As soon as the party were in marching-order, the pipes were transferred to the fair equestrians, and the men trudged on, leaving them to follow at leisure, which they did — alternately smoking and scolding, until the jungle hid them from us.

The men alone practice the snake-charming trick, and are generally tall, loose-limbed, hard-featured fellows, dressed in coarse salmon-colored garments. They go about cantonnets playing on their singularly unmusical instrument, which emits a sound something like what boys make out of oat-stems, called a *jokawn* in Ireland, only twice

as harsh, and ten times as loud. I was sitting one morning in the veranda of a friend's bungalow, when one of those men, attended by a boy, came up, and after making salam, requested permission to try his skill in discovering snakes in the compound. My friend told him that he had been several months residing there, and had never seen one; however, at the earnest request of some ladies lately arrived from England, the man was told to try if he could find any. Making another salam, he started off, and began playing and strolling about the compound, stopping occasionally as if to look about him. After a short time he returned, saying he felt sure a snake was in or near the sheep-house. This was exactly in the opposite direction from the spot which he had set out, and thither we all went in a body. The house was quite empty, all the sheep being out grazing, and we followed the snake-charmer in, who moved about inside as if uncertain which way to turn. He then ceased playing, and addressed the snake-tribe, calling them his father and mother, the light of his life, the patrons of his caste; that he would never hurt them, or let any one else do so; he would only keep them three days, feed them well, and then release them far away in the jungle. This farce continued for a while, when he stopped opposite a small hole in the mud-wall about the size of a shilling, in which he inserted his finger, and pulling out a piece of the mud, disclosed a snake about two feet long coiled up inside. This he took out and handled, tied it round his neck, and let it bite his hand, pretending it gave him great pain.

The man produced a blue bag, into which the snake glided as if accustomed to it. This, and there being no marks of bites on the man's hands, confirmed me in the belief that the snake was a tame one, and I told him so; which he denied indignantly, saying it was very poisonous, and begged for a small present and his dismissal.

This we refused, saying we would first test his truth by letting the snake bite a fowl; and if it died in a short time, he should get what he asked; otherwise, we would kill the snake, and thrust him out as an imposter. In vain he protested—we were inexorable; the fowl was brought, and we told him to proceed; when, finding there was no other resource, he made a clean breast of it, confessed that the snake was a tame one with the fangs extracted, and that it had been placed in the sheep-house by his boy whilst he was pretending to look in another direction; and finally begged us not to deprive a poor man of the means of earning his bread, by destroying the snake. As we had obtained

what we wanted—namely, satisfied ourselves on the subject, we dismissed him with a handful of pice, no way abashed at the detection of his imposture.

The different varieties of snakes are almost innumerable. In our Hindustanee dictionary, I find forty-five different words signifying serpent or snake, and of course many must be omitted in a work of the kind, from which some idea may be formed of the great number of different species that exist. Of these, the greater number are altogether innocuous; others, slightly poisonous—that is to say, their bite would be attended with some pain and inflammation, but not fatal consequences, except to the smaller class of animals. Comparatively few species are deadly, of which the most common are the cobro da capello and the karait; the latter is beautifully marked with black and brown spots, and seldom exceeds twenty inches or two feet in length; but its small size only adds to the danger, by rendering it so difficult to be seen. Some people assert that no bite would prove fatal if the proper remedies were applied immediately.

The most successful treatment seems to be sucking and cleansing the wound at once, administering repeated doses of *eau de luce*, or if that is not at hand, brandy or other stimulants; also keeping the patient in constant exercise, and preventing his giving way to the drowsiness which always comes on as soon as the virus has had time to circulate in the system. The natives have many remedies, some of which appear very absurd; but they answer the required purpose, as very few deaths occur amongst them from this cause. The most popular cure is the “zuhur mohra,” or poison antidote.

It is a small stone, resembling in size and appearance that infantine luxury called a “bull's-eye” after it has been held for some time in the hand of a dirty child. It is stated to be found in the stomach of a toad, and brought from the neighborhood of Bokhara. Perhaps, had Shakspeare ever heard an inkling of this, he would have made a change in his simile for adversity, and placed the “precious jewel,” which “the toad, ugly and venomous, wears” in another part of his body.

I saw the zuhar mohra tried once by a bheestee, who was bitten in the great toe. The stone was merely moistened in water, and bound on the foot, a little above the wound, by a strip of linen. I laughed at the remedy, and offered the man *eau de luce*, which he refused. Next day, however, he was as well as ever; so we must conclude that either the snake was not poisonous, or that there is more in the antidote than one would suppose. On another occasion, I saw

my gardener bitten in the heel by a scorpion; the pain was so intense that the man dropped as if shot. The only remedy he used was forming a circle round the instep with butter-milk and chunam, and getting a Brahmin to bless it. This occurred in the evening, about sunset; and next morning at gun-fire, the man was working in the garden, none the worse for the sting. Had a European received the same injury, and treated it *secundum artem*, he would probably have been laid up for a week.

The Hindoos relate countless anecdotes and traditions of snakes. One species, called the dhamin, which is nearly black, and grows to eight or nine feet long, is said to be poisonous only on Sunday. Another kind is supposed to attack none but women: probably its antecedent in the metempsychosis was a disappointed lover, who thus revenges himself on the sex.—*N. B.* Both kinds are perfectly harmless. Vishnu, the second person of the Hindoo Trinity, is said to repose on an enormous serpent, the fortunate possessor of a thousand heads, one of which supports the world. One holiday is set apart for the worship of serpents, an immense number of which inhabit the regions under the earth in company with some congenial souls in the shape of hydras and dragons. The sun never shines there, but it is lit up with innumerable precious stones of great value and brilliancy.

That marvellous stories of these reptiles are not confined to natives alone, the following anecdote will testify, which was narrated by a gallant and voracious field-officer, known in the far East by the sobriquet of Colonel Liebig:

"I was walking in my veranda, one evening when I observed a snake gliding along the walk and making for his hole in the opposite bank. I looked about for a switch or whip, but nothing of the kind was within reach. A moment more, and he would have escaped, when, actuated by a sudden impulse, I seized him by the tail just as he was entering his hole, and threw him back several yards, shouting to the servants to bring a stick to dispatch him. They were deaf or stupid; not a soul appeared to hear me. The snake picked himself up, and began wriggling back towards his domicile. Growing excited, I seized a couple of stones, and pelted them at him; both shots told, for one

went through the window, and another killed a pet bantam. Again he approached the hole, and again I jerked him back as before. The confounded servants either could not or would not hear me; and as he drew near his hole for the third time, I prepared to repeat my former experiment, but the rascal had grown too knowing for me this time; he deliberately turned round and entered the hole tail-foremost—not only this, but he had the impudence to stick out his tongue at me just before his head disappeared!"

Our readers will perceive by this true story that the serpent has lost none of the subtlety he possessed in olden times; they may, however, rely upon it, that if they ever meet one, he will be quite as anxious to part company as themselves. There may be fear, but there can be no danger unless you tread on the reptile, or otherwise injure it. The best way to destroy it is to get quietly alongside, and give it a smart tap on the back with a riding-whip or pliant switch—a very slight blow will dislocate the vertebra, and then the enemy is at your mercy. Many, however, escape, owing to the objection all high-caste Hindoos have to killing them; particularly if they have bitten any one, as they consider that killing the snake in that case signs the death-warrant of the person bitten. To such an extent does this prejudice go, that I once saw a petition sent into the magistrate's court by a Hindoo widow, who accused a certain Mussulman trooper of having caused the death of her husband, by killing a snake immediately after it had bitten the deceased. It is needless to say that the magistrate's verdict was: "Sarved him right."

That the snake may be lured from his hole by placing a vessel of milk near the spot cannot be true; as, when living in a country where these reptiles abounded, I never found one near where milk was usually kept; and even had it been otherwise, I would have acquitted him of thievish intentions, as the truth is, the ophidia never drink.

I have thus endeavored to confute some of the false stories commonly told and believed about the genus Coluber, who are, I consider, in many respects a much vilified and misrepresented race. In olden times they were better known and appreciated, when the serpent was the companion of Esculapius and the emblem of convalescence.

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